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UNION REFUGEES FROM WESTERN MISSOURI COMING INTO ST. LOUIS.—[See next Page.]

UNION REFUGEES IN MISSOURI.

THE illustration on the preceding page—which represents Union fugitives in St. Louis—shows how cruelly the rebellion is pressing upon the loyal people of Missouri. The *Herald* correspondent writes from St. Louis:

For some days past the unfortunate sufferers of the southwest portion of the State, who have been driven out on account of their Union sentiments, have lined our thoroughfares, and presented many of the most painful scenes of poverty and affliction ever witnessed in this city. Only a small portion arrived in proportion to the thousands who left Springfield and vicinity in company with General Siegel's division. Their appearance—half naked, benumbed with cold, and hardly able to stand—has excited the liveliest sympathy, and it is evident that something must be done for these destitute people, or they will die outright of starvation. Yesterday General Halleck issued an order on the subject, which has struck consternation into the hearts of the secessionists, and at the same time provides an effective remedy. It is as follows:

The law of military retaliation has fixed and well-established rules. While it allows no cruel or barbarous acts on our part in retaliation for like acts of the enemy, it permits any retaliatory measures within the prescribed limits of military usage. If the enemy murders and robs Union men we are not justified in murdering and robbing other persons who are, in a legal sense, enemies to our Government, but we may enforce on them the severest penalties justified by the laws of war for the crimes of their fellow-rebels. The rebel forces in the southwestern counties of this State have robbed and plundered the peaceful non-combatant inhabitants, taking from them their clothing and means of subsistence. Men, women, and children have alike been stripped and plundered. Thousands of such persons are finding their way to this city barefooted, half clad, and in a destitute and starving condition. Humanity and justice require that these sufferings should be relieved, and that the outrages committed upon them should be retaliated upon the enemy. The individuals who have directly caused these sufferings are at present beyond our reach; but there are in this city, and in other places within our lines, numerous wealthy secessionists who render aid, assistance, and encouragement to those who commit these outrages. They do not themselves rob and plunder, but they abet and countenance these acts in others. Although less bold, they are equally guilty. It is therefore ordered and directed that the Provost Marshals immediately inquire into the condition of the persons so driven from their homes, and that measures be taken to quarter them in the houses and to feed and clothe them at the expense of avowed secessionists, and of those who are found guilty of giving aid, assistance, and encouragement to the enemy.

The *Tribune* correspondent says:

Truly enough, for at this hour thousands of refugees are fleeing from Missouri that they may find bread, and afterward a home in our happy Free State. Scantily clad, half famished, and pinched with cold, they enter our border towns and beg, for they have no money, that they may live. Nor are these the ignorant poor—it is the better class in the Slave States who are faithful to the Union. Whole families and whole neighborhoods have come, and the roads leading to St. Louis and the city itself are filled with them. Far to the rear come the various divisions of Price's army, and when they overtake the helpless exiles they rob them of every thing. From the men they take even their pocket-knives.

TO ADVERTISERS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

JOHN BULL ON THE RAM-PAGE.

THE British newspapers reach us full of fury and menace against this country. Our "little fleet is to be swept from the seas;" "the *San Jacintos*" are to be "sunk or captured;" our blockade is to be broken at once; the "Southern Confederacy" is to be "acknowledged by Great Britain and France simultaneously;" our "Northern ports are to be blockaded;" "twelve Royal men-of-war" are to sail up the Potomac, and pinched compel the return of Mason and Slidell in view of the White House; the *Warrior* is to be anchored off Annapolis, with shotted guns; we are to be taught the folly and danger of "insulting the British flag." All this, and much more, we are to suffer, according to those British journalists, because Captain Wilkes, instead of making the *Trent* a prize, and carrying her into an American port for adjudication, generously allowed her and her passengers to proceed on their voyage unmolested. The law officers of the British Crown admit that the *Trent* was liable to seizure, and her passengers to detention and annoyance; but with a refinement worthy of *nisi prius* pleaders, they pretend that it was unjustifiable to inflict upon her any minor indignity. In their opinion the greater does not contain the less. We must either exact the whole of our rights or none of them. If we will be forbearing we must be punished. "D'ye mean to insult me, you beggar!" asked the drunken sailor of a gentleman whom he was molesting, "that you don't strike back?"

Well, if it must be so, so mote it be. If England is bent upon seizing this our hour of trouble to force a war upon us for the destruction of the Union, we must accept the decree manfully. We are already engaged in a war of such magnitude that our outlay of money and men would not be greatly increased if we had to contend against England simultaneously with the South. Telegraphs and steam protect us against any landing of foreign troops on our soil; vigorous exertions will soon provide us with a fleet of war vessels and privateers which will render it much more difficult than John Bull imagines either to raise our Southern blockade, or to blockade our Northern ports, or to protect British commerce on the ocean. It was the combination of all the European Powers against French democracy, at the close of the last century, which developed the strength of the French nation to such a pitch that in less than ten years it ruled the whole European continent; a similar combination against democracy in America would rouse our people to a pitch of energy and self-sacrificing patriotism that would be much more likely to shake European thrones than American institutions.

But is it not sad to see how unwisely the energies of a great free nation like England are being directed? If there was a principle to which Englishmen of our day have clung with more tenacity than any other, it was that under the meteor flag of England slavery could not exist, and that when a slave's foot pressed British soil that instant he became a free man. This has been the boast, the worthy boast of Englishmen for more than a generation. Yet when the institution of slavery—conscious of impending ruin—reared itself in its wickedness, and struggled mightily to overthrow a nation bound to England by every tie of blood, language, religion, commerce, treaties, institutions, and a common freedom, England, instead of standing true to her traditions, her honor, and even her most palpable interest, at once bestowed her sympathies upon the institution she had denounced for forty years, and shamelessly and openly rejoiced and exulted at the prospect of our overthrow. What can be the ultimate fruit of such a policy? What would be the position of Great Britain in the event of success—the protector of a nation "based on the corner-stone of human slavery?" What historian will hereafter venture to vindicate England's indecent haste to place the rebels on a par with ourselves by royal proclamation; the persistent hostility of her press and many of her leading men; the vulgar falsehoods by which her leaders have deluded her people as to the nature of our contest; the reception in her ports of the pirate steamers *Nashville* and *Sumter*, laden with the spoil of our vessels; and now, lastly, the attempt to bully us in the hour of our greatest extremity? Do not envy the task of the future Macaulay, to whose lot it shall fall to paint this page of British story, and to justify to the minds of another—and, let us hope, a better—race of Englishmen the insidious and persevering efforts of their fathers to carry out, in this country, the policy Great Britain has pursued with uniformity in China and in India, to ruin a friendly nation in order to discredit republican institutions, and to keep four million human creatures in slavery in order that "Lancashire may get cotton, and a market with eight millions of buyers may be secured for British goods."

THE BURNING OF CHARLESTON.

IT matters little, in effect, whether the burning of the city of Charleston was the fruit of accident or of negro incendiarism. The rebels are sure to ascribe the disaster to the latter cause. Secret terrors are the price of despotism: in slave countries, every noise, every cry, every unusual movement of a slave, carries apprehension to the heart of his master. At the time of the John Brown affair, Governor Wise told us that Virginia matrons living miles and miles away were beside themselves with terror. We know that so terrible was the alarm created by that trumpery attempt, that down on the Gulf shore negroes whose behavior had attracted attention were imprisoned, whipped, and even shot by scores. In the language of Southern members of Congress who talked secession in those days, life was not worth having, if accompanied by the agonies which such events implanted in every Southern breast.

It is by the light of these memories that we must read the tale of the burning of Charleston. The burning of 600 houses, including every public building in the city, and property valued at $7,000,000, is an astounding event. Whatever the politicians and the papers may say, the Southern people from Norfolk to Galveston are sure to conclude that the negroes did the dread deed, and each man and woman is now quaking in terror lest his or her house should be the next to go. Nor is this opinion likely to be confined to the whites. The slaves, too, will hear of the fire, and will hear simultaneously—for we know that news does spread among the slaves, hard as their masters try to keep them in ignorance—that between eight and ten thousand slaves, till lately the overworked laborers on Carolina cotton plantations, are now free men, getting eight and ten dollars a month. It will not exceed the negro's power of combination to connect the two events together. When he does, beware the result.

We are gradually spreading the net which is to encircle the rebellion. The occupation of Ship Island, Mississippi, by the advance-guard of General Butler's expedition, under General Phelps, is of course the first step toward a movement upon Mobile and New Orleans. The terrors which have compelled General Lee to imprison men at Savannah and Charleston to prevent their flying to the mountains, will now be transferred to the Gulf cities, and if we hear of more fires no one must be surprised. The assassin's dagger and the incendiary torch are the natural weapons of the slave. We should not use them, but we did not make the present situation.

In a few days, probably before the next number of this journal is printed, a fresh blow at the rebellion will be struck by General Burnside at the head of some fifteen thousand men, and very possibly General Halleck may have commenced operations on the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. The burning of Charleston will prove a more potent ally to these generals than an additional fleet or army. It may have been, as we said, a mere accident, assisted by a high wind. But wherever our troops advance, fathers and mothers will bethink themselves with a shudder that within a month after the landing of our forces on the soil of South Carolina the chief city of that State was mysteriously burned, and thousands of people rendered houseless on a December night. The offspring of these thoughts will be surrender.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S DISPATCHES.

THE calmness, clearness, and ability of Mr. Seward's instructions to our foreign Ministers show how well he understands the emergency. The skillful difference in tone and representation of the same general subject to different Powers, shows his diplomatic genius and accomplishment. In his instructions to Mr. Adams, in England, he says, "You will not consent to draw into debate before the British Government any opposing moral principles which may be supposed to be at the foundation of the controversy between those States and the Federal Union." To Mr. Clay, in Russia, he says, "Its object [the rebellion] is to create a nation built upon the principle that African slavery is necessary, just, wise, and beneficent, and that it may and must be expanded over the central portion of the American continent and islands, without check or resistance, at whatever cost and sacrifice to the welfare and happiness of the human race." To Mr. Schurz, in Spain, he states, with cold sarcasm, the essential absurdity and impracticability of the political system of the Confederate States, which Mr. Lincoln truly and roughly characterized, in one of his speeches on his way to Washington, as free love in politics; and he impresses upon Spain that the faction which is now insurgent is the same faction that has until recently controlled the Government of the country—including, of course, its foreign relations and the Ostend filibustering policy, of which the late President was one of the fathers.

These questions are handled with such gravity and comprehension that the question inevitably arises, Why has the Secretary of State forfeited so much public confidence at home since the rebellion commenced? That he has done so is beyond question. That his warm friends have been disappointed is undeniable. And if the reason be sought closely, is it not that he has failed to show that deep and earnest conviction of the threatening scope of the conspiracy which he so plainly discovers in his correspondence with our Ministers?

The particular indications of this want are not very easy to specify. It is probably felt in the light tone in which the Secretary has spoken in public of the rebellion as a whim, a gust, a hallucination. "Sire, it is a revolution," has been the instinctive response of those who have heard or read his words.

Then the more eager and impetuous of his friends have thought the President too slow, too much without a policy; and have held the Secretary of State responsible. Moreover, in the early days, when the necessity and the ability of action were so sadly disproportioned, the Secretary's optimism was held to be the drag upon the wheels of Government. That this opinion was just there is no sufficient proof. But it was very general among ardent men.

The correspondence now published will vindicate Mr. Seward's clear comprehension of the character of the rebellion. The key-note of his policy is doubtless to be found in his profound conviction of the necessity of the Union and the adequacy of the Government, under the Constitution, to secure all reforms. And the question between him and his more vehement associates can probably be expressed in the President's words, that "we should not be in haste to determine that radical and extreme measures, which may reach the loyal as well as the disloyal, are indispensable."

PATIENCE.

PEOPLE, it is said, are getting impatient. There ought to be a forward movement. Something ought to be done. Secretary Cameron says that we have six hundred thousand men in the field. What are they doing? Forward! Forward!

Yes; we have heard that before. Nothing is more natural than impatience. Let us go right in and win. But let us also—in conducting a great war, in which we had every preparation to make—let us have common-sense. There is one man who knows when we ought to move upon the Potomac. That is General M'Clellan. If he be an able soldier, he will know when that time arrives. If he be loyal, he will move when the time comes. And we can meanwhile wait in confidence, or we can fret over the delay.

Every thing depends upon our faith in our leader. Congress certainly can not tell whether there should be a movement. Newspapers in New York and elsewhere have no better opportunities for knowing than the General. And newspaper correspondents in Washington have had their military day. War can be conducted only upon the principles of war. There is an army of probably a hundred and fifty thousand desperate men, ably officered, strongly intrenched, beyond the Potomac. Properly to engage them requires a knowledge of circumstances, of our own forces and their capacity, and of military science, which most of us who quietly write about the matter do not possess. If General M'Clellan is equally ignorant, we are in a very bad way.

If any body doubts our leader's loyalty, let him say so. If any body doubts his ability, let him say that. But if, as no one has yet dreamed of denying, General M'Clellan is loyal, and if he be the soldier that every body believes, it is not fair to him, to the cause, or to our friends in the field, to aid in creating a public sentiment that may cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war to their sure destruction.

That General M'Clellan has done any of the foolish things that are reported of him there seems to be no reason to believe; and if in any way he differs from any officer of the Government upon the policy of conducting the war, we may be very sure that he differs as an honest man should, fairly and frankly. The slaughter at Bull Run was the first offering to an impatient and unjust public opinion; the disgrace of General Frémont was the second; does it mean to require the sacrifice of General M'Clellan as the third?

ALIENATION AND DISTRACTION.

THE Union Defense Committee—a body of the wealthiest and most intelligent citizens of all parties, who have been conspicuously active in the good work of arming and forwarding soldiers to fight the battles of the country against anarchy—have recently passed some resolutions approving the timely and excellent words of the President in his Message, and another resolution, "that we deprecate the discussion of projects which tend to distract and alienate the Union sentiment of our people."

Does this mean projects of unworthy peace, projects of infamous compromise, projects of patching which would end in a more fatal rent? or what does it mean? Can it mean the discussion of projects which provide that the rebels shall pay the expenses of their own rebellion? Do they deprecate discussing whether rebels shall be allowed the free use and enjoyment of their property, whether in real estate or in the service of slaves? Do they suppose that loyal citizens can all have the same view of the true policy of the war, or that, differing, they ought not by discussion to try to convince and agree?

For instance, Mr. Pendleton argues, ably but hopelessly, against the right of the President to suspend the *habeas corpus*. Certainly such an argument tends to distract and alienate the harmony of public sentiment. Shall he therefore forbear the discussion? Is it not a thousand-fold better that he should make his argument, and have a vote of 108 to 26 recorded against his proposition?

Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, proposes to use the labor of the slaves for the Government, instead of allowing them to help the rebels. Is that alienating and distracting?

Mr. Bingham proposes to release the slaves of rebels, and Mr. Gurley to colonize them in Florida. Are those suggestions to be deprecated?

Mr. Sumner presents petitions for universal emancipation, with compensation to loyal owners. Is that to be reproved?

Another gentleman repeats the familiar truism that the war is for the supremacy of the Government, and that when its object is attained the war ought to cease. Is that a distracting suggestion?

The gentlemen of the Union Defense Committee are intelligent and sagacious. They know that the four millions of slaves in the rebel section can not be disregarded; they know that something must be done, because, whether any policy is adopted for their disposition or not, we have thousands of them to care for. Is it not worth while to consider what shall be done with them? Is it not equally worth while to consider whether there may not be some policy devised in regard to slaves which may shorten the war and save thousands of lives and millions of dollars to the nation? Do they not know that the one project which would distract and alienate loyal men irretrievably would be a proposition that all discussion should cease upon the origin and intention of the rebellion, because without such discussion you can not possibly cope with it successfully?

The object of the war is, we all agree, to restore the supremacy of the Government by suppressing insurrection. The question is, how can it best be done? And if the resolutions mean any thing, they mean that that is the very question which must not be discussed. Of course if it is only meant that the debate should be candid and generous, we shall all cry Amen.

A SERENADE-SPEECH.

Governor Morton, of Indiana, was serenaded and made a speech a few days ago. He expressed a sentiment which has been heard elsewhere. "I am for crushing the rebellion," said the Governor, "but not by means which would make reconciliation impossible."

But, Governor, when people are pushed to war somebody must be hurt. What is war but a mutual hurting of two parties until one yields to the other? War is meant to inflict injury. It is the argument of physical strength when the mental argument has failed.

Then if an enemy must be hurt, and will certainly hurt you, in what way may he be hurt? Clearly in every way that, without unnecessary personal torture, may compel him to submit. If a man attacks me murderously I may fairly hold his hands, or throw him down, or shoot him. So if a nation or a faction begins a war, every means that will cripple their resources and shear their strength is honorable warfare. You may blockade a port, or you may surround a fort, and starve them into surrender. You may seize the horses, carriages, and telegraphs that might convey men, means, or information. You may seize corn and crops, and unquestionably destroy them rather than that they should fall into the enemy's hands and help him. Will Governor Morton say why you must respect the labor which is the source of all these helps to the foe?

If by any means the rebels could stop the work in the Northern factories, which are now humming night and day with the weaving of cloths and necessaries of every kind for our army, would they not do so, and have a perfect right to do it? If, although they might be beyond the Potomac, they could show the workmen that it was for their interest to stop working for us, does Governor Morton think that they might not fairly do it? Can he conceive a more disastrous blow to our cause? And if in doing so they should do an act just and desirable in itself, would that be any objection?

But he may think that, if the operatives immediately began to ravish and murder, it would be a very inhuman thing to excite them. But no people under such circumstances ever did or do such things. It is holding men in slavery which produces servile insurrections, not releasing them. And again, if there be any truth in the argument that a release of the slaves of rebels would carry terror into the rebellious section, since that is the very thing we are trying to do, the very purpose for which we have collected fleets and armies—since war is organized terror, and fear subdues men suddenly, upon what ground can we honestly refrain, in justice to the men who have taken their lives in their hands for their country, to bring the terror of this threat to bear upon the enemies of the country? If they think it a real danger they will succumb, or deliberately risk the result. If they do not think it so, why should Governor Morton?

Besides, does any man in his senses not see that this weapon must and will be used, rather than the destruction of the country be suffered? Then it is simply a question of time and of necessity—a question of circumstances.

Once more. Every man ought to know that the exasperation of feeling can go no farther than it has already reached. This generation in the rebellious section has been educated in contempt of the Union and hatred of the North. The feeling is perfectly unreasonable. It can not be conciliated. Those who have it are to be, and will be, conquered. When they are conquered they will be reasonable.

CAPTAIN GORDON.

The case of Gordon, the slave-trader, has peculiar interest in the midst of the war. The general conviction undoubtedly is that he will not be hung, but that his sentence will be commuted. The reason for this view seems to be that this is the first capital conviction under an old law; and that as the slave-trade between the States is not punished as piracy, it is practically unfair to treat the African slave-trade as such.

The difference between the two is simply this, that the sufferings of the victims are naturally longer in the transport across the ocean than in the carriage from State to State. The essential meanness, inhumanity, and crime are the same in both cases. In sentencing the prisoner, the judge said: "Think of the cruelty and wickedness of seizing nearly a thousand fellow-beings who never did you harm, and thrusting them beneath the decks of a small ship, beneath a burning tropical sun, to die of disease or suffocation, or be transported to distant lands, and be consigned, they and their posterity, to a fate far more cruel than death. * * * As you are soon to pass into the presence of that God of the black man as well as the white man, who is no respecter of persons, do not indulge for a moment the thought that he hears with indifference the cry of the humblest of his children."

In these suitable and solemn words speaks the honor of the nation. How they contrast with the extraordinary words of a higher court—words which History fails to justify—that the Africans were held to be people who had no rights to be respected! Which, in the name of decency and justice, is the more respectable, the mild barbarian in his home, living after his light and his kind, or the civilized Christian who seizes him, packs him into the hold of a ship, with all the noisome attendant horrors of which the record is unquestionable, and sails with him over the sea?

What extenuating circumstances this case offers do not appear. If there be reasons why the sentence should not be executed, the President will doubtless state them. If the penalty shall seem to him too harsh for the offense, he will, in remitting it, of course recommend to Congress to modify the law. But if he does that, can he escape recommending the abolition of the death-penalty altogether? If Hicks were justly hung for killing two or three persons at a blow and without pain upon the ocean, what shall be said of him who caused the death of scores by lingering tortures? No form of piracy is so hideous as the slave trade; and if every man in New York who is concerned in the traffic dared to put up the sign which describes his business, he would print upon it "Pirate and Murderer."

PATRIOTISM WITHOUT IFS.

There is no such thing as conditional patriotism. Every citizen of this country is either for maintaining the Government and the national integrity at any cost, or else there is some price which he considers too costly to pay for it.

The question instantly occurs whether there may not be a price too high; but the answer is returned as immediately, What possible price can be extravagant for a system which secures all rights and development?

If the system be essentially and inevitably unfriendly to any human right—if justice to all men is lawfully impossible under it—why maintain it at all? This was the old ground of the Abolitionists, and they were honest disunionists, for they held that our system secured the wrongs instead of the rights of men. But those who believe that "the cause of the United States is the cause of human nature," maintain the Government at any cost, because no price is too precious for the maintenance of those rights.

If, therefore, any citizen in any border State values the Government only so long as it protects property in slaves, but renounces it when, for its own salvation, the Government confiscates the property in slaves, he is just as patriotic as a Lowell manufacturer would be who should be unwilling to have the Government maintain itself by confiscating the mills of disloyal manufacturers.

If John Hancock had said, "I am for America, provided that you are not compelled to burn Boston and destroy my property," John Hancock would have had the same kind of immortality that Patrick Henry conferred upon Hook, the beef contractor for the army. The citizen in the border States or elsewhere who takes the conditional ground is not a Union man in the necessary sense; and, however honest he may be, he can not reasonably be trusted; for no man can be trusted in any kind of struggle who is not equal to a reverse. And the conditionally loyal man is only waiting to see which side shows the strongest. He will veer with every victory.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Royal Engraving by Doo.—The Ex-King of Naples, in answer to a deputation who went through the solemn mockery of presenting him with a sword, which is about as useful to him as a razor-strop would be to a baby, said, with most facetious gravity:

"The Queen and I shall preserve, eternally engraved on our hearts, the names of you all."

How they are to be engraved we can not tell, unless it is by the process of lithography.

A Sensible Exchange.—"Why, my dear Mrs. Smith, what ever have you done with your Piano?"

"Oh! Mr. Smith insisted upon my disposing of it, and buying instead a Sewing Machine for each of the girls. He says they would be much more useful, and would make much less noise."

The Force of Contradiction can no Farther go.—To make a *Will* is the *Wont* of every prudent man.

A Well-Wisher.—There is a man in Pennsylvania who has the power of divining the existence of an oil-spring merely by the smell. He is said to possess this penetrating faculty from having a very strongly-developed *oil-factory* nerve.

A Ticklish Expense.—Of all extravagances, perhaps the habit of snuff-taking is the worst, as one can not help paying for it through the nose.

MEN AND BEES.

Working Bees, in summer's heat,
  Making honey, stock their hives,
So that they have food to eat
  When the wintry cold arrives.
By their toil the store was got,
  Of it they partake their due;
Out of work with them is not
  Therefore out of victuals too.

Working Men, employed, can earn
  Little more than bread and cheese;
In a hoard they've no concern,
  Like the happier Working Bees.
All that they produce, beside
  What their present hunger craves,
Goes for others to provide;
  None except the Master saves.

Now the winter is at hand,
  Bees and men may work no more,
Bees can sustenance command;
  Men can only help implore.
Masters, you will live at ease
  On the fruits of labor then;
They are shared by Working Bees,
  Give a share to Working Men.

Concise, if not Correct.—An Englishman, who thought he knew every thing—as many Englishmen do—was endeavoring to prove that the French language was capable of expressing a great deal more in a few words than the English could in several, and as a convincing example he brought forward the following instance: "You see, if I wanted to state that I had lost my war-horse in battle, all I should have to say would be simply, '*Mon cheval est hors-de-combat.*'"

A Bill Acceptor.—A dead wall.

Another Secessionist.—Should the Pope at last resolve upon yielding up his temporal power, it will obviously be an act of Papal See-cession.

Why is an apple-tree like a crooked wall?—Because it isn't *plumb*.

The other day we threw a shell from the Rip Raps into one of the rebel batteries, but owing to some defect it did not explode. They would not accept such an imperfect piece of workmanship; they *refused* it, and sent it back.

Why is it unpleasant to have carrion near?—Because it makes an offal smell.

A piece of common sense that ought to be remembered by every soldier when his regiment is about leaving for the seat of war:—It is not *right* to be *left*.

Why did William Tell shudder when he shot the apple from his son's head?—Because it was an arrow escape for his child.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, December 10, in the Senate, Senators Fessenden and Sumner presented petitions for emancipating slaves under the war power. A resolution to expel Waldo P. Johnson for sympathizing and acting with the rebels was laid over. Bills were introduced to authorize the President to acquire territory for the settlement of free negroes, and for the reorganization of the Medical Department of the army. Senator Hale called up his resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the present judicial system of the United States and establishing another, which was agreed to. A bill to render more operative the law passed last summer relative to the sale of spirituous liquors in the District of Columbia was also presented.——In the House, Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, made a speech on his motion to refer back to the Judiciary Committee the memorial of the whilom Baltimore Police Commissioners, now resident at Fort Warren, Boston harbor. He was briefly replied to, in support of the course pursued by the President, to the effect that all that could be urged in favor of these and other prisoners similarly held had been already fully answered by the argument of Attorney-General Bates, and that "it did not lie in the mouths of the memorialists to claim the benefit of the Constitution, every provision of which they had trampled under foot." Mr. Pendleton's motion was tabled by 108 yeas to 26 nays. The Senate resolution for a joint committee to inquire into the conduct of the war was concurred in.

On Wednesday, 11th, in the Senate, after the presentation of a petition for the emancipation of slaves, Senator Wilson offered a resolution of inquiry as to what reduction could be made in the expenses of the army. Resolutions from the Legislature of Kentucky, asking Congress to relieve the distressed people of Ireland, were presented. Senator Chandler offered a resolution appointing a joint committee having power to retire improper officers of the army and navy. A joint resolution for the confiscation of rebel property and satisfying claims of loyal men was introduced.——In the House, a resolution was introduced to the effect that the President be respectfully requested to direct General Halleck to recall his order referring to fugitive slaves, or cause it to conform to the practice in other departments of the army. After speeches from members in support of and in opposition to the proposition, the whole subject was laid on the table by a vote of seventy-eight yeas to sixty-four nays. A bill providing for the recognition of the republics of Hayti and Liberia was introduced, but, on motion, it was voted that in lieu of this bill the Committee on Foreign Affairs be directed to inquire into the expediency of such recognition. A bill to forfeit the property and slaves of persons found in arms against the Government was introduced and referred to the Judiciary Committee. A bill for the punishment of treason, for the remuneration of loyal citizens for losses sustained at the hands of the rebels, and to provide homesteads for soldiers, was introduced and referred to the Judiciary Committee.

On Thursday, 12th, in the Senate, a bill authorizing the President to fill the vacancies at the West Point Academy was introduced and referred to the Military Committee. A resolution making the appointments in the Naval Academy to depend entirely upon merit was adopted. A resolution for an examination into the army sutler system was agreed to. A joint resolution in favor of an exchange of prisoners was referred. The proposition to expel Senator Johnson, of Missouri, was debated and referred to the Judiciary Committee. The Senate held an executive session and then adjourned.——In the House, some further remarks passed between Messrs. Blair and Lovejoy on the subject of General Halleck's recent orders with regard to contrabands, Mr. Blair producing and reading a letter on the subject, which he had received from General H. After considerable discussion its further consideration was postponed till Monday. On the taking up of the special order—namely, the various propositions involving the emancipation of the slaves of rebels—a long and animated debate ensued, which finally led to a spirited personal altercation between Messrs. Conway, of Kansas, and Fouke, of Illinois, when the subject was dropped, and the House adjourned till Monday next.

On Monday, Dec. 16, in the Senate, petitions were presented for the unconditional abolishment of slavery, for the emancipation of the slaves of rebels, and for an exchange of prisoners. Senator Wilson introduced his bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The bill provides for the appointment of commissioners to inquire into the validity of the claims presented for compensation for manumitting such persons, providing the whole amount shall not exceed more than three hundred dollars for each person so held to service or labor, and appropriates one million of dollars for carrying the act into effect. A resolution was offered by Senator Wilkinson, to expel Jesse D. Bright from the Senate of the United States, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. The resolution referring to the arrest of persons in the loyal States was then taken up, which raised a discussion as to the right of the President to suppress the writ of *habeas corpus*, in which a number of members took part. The matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee by a vote of 25 to 17. After agreeing to a resolution of inquiry as to the cause of the escape of the *Sumter*, an executive session was held.——In the House, a personal difficulty between Messrs. Conway and Fouke was again brought up by the former gentleman rising to a question of privilege, and some unparliamentary language indulged in by both parties. Bills were introduced providing for the relief of Union soldiers now prisoners in the rebel States, and for the establishment of a branch Mint in Nevada Territory. A bill was passed striking from the pension roll the names of all persons in any manner aiding the rebellion. Mr. Vallandigham introduced a preamble and resolution sustaining the Administration in the stand it has taken respecting the action of Captain Wilkes in the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. The subject was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The consideration of the bill authorizing the raising of a volunteer force for the defense of Kentucky was then resumed, which called up a discussion upon nearly the whole conduct of the war. The bill passed. A joint resolution was adopted, if the Senate concur, that when the House adjourns on Thursday it be until January 6.

THE OCCUPATION OF SHIP ISLAND.

The United States steamer-transport *Constitution*, Captain A. T. Fletcher, arrived at Fortress Monroe on 15th, where she called for orders, on her return from Ship Island, Mississippi Sound, having safely landed at the latter place, December 4, the two regiments (Twenty-sixth Massachusetts, and Ninth Connecticut), which embarked on her at Boston, the 18th and 21st of November. In this southward expedition, after proceeding to Portland for the Twelfth Regiment of Maine, which did not embark on her, the *Constitution* proceeded to Fortress Monroe, November 23, where she arrived on the 26th. She coaled, and left on the 28th, and, after a pleasant passage, arrived at Ship Island, Mississippi Sound, December 3.

Her arrival here was as gratifying as it was unexpected by the little fleet and small garrison which have been holding the place against constant threats, and occasional attacks from the rebels. By the assistance of two large river steamers, which had been captured in Mississippi Sound only a short time previous to her arrival, the troops and material of war, and subsistence stores, were landed between the 4th and 8th of December—a single accident only occurring, by which one of the steel rifled guns belonging to Captain Manning's Light Battery was lost overboard. The two regiments were comfortably encamped on the island, near the light-house, and the Salem Battery near the fortification. On the 8th the last of the cargo was landed on the beach, and was taken charge of by Commissary Butler, brother of Major-General Butler, who will probably join the expedition in a short time with a large accession to the force.

THE ARMIES IN KENTUCKY.

In Kentucky the movements of the troops betoken an early engagement with the rebels. The contending forces are large on both sides, the rebels having twenty-five thousand men under General Buckner, and the Unionists a sufficient force to give them battle. General Buell, in Louisville, is in constant telegraphic communication with the advancing forces, and is employing all the rolling stock of the railway in forwarding troops and supplies. In the neighborhood of Somerset both armies are fortifying, and at Fishing Creek, five miles west of that place, General Zollicoffer is also reported erecting rebel batteries. There are indefinite rumors in Cincinnati of an engagement between General M'Cook and the rebels at Mumfordsville, but they are not credited.

EXPECTED BATTLE IN MISSOURI.

A report reached St. Louis last week that Generals Rains and Stein, with their rebel forces, had taken possession of Lexington, that the Union troops had engaged them there, and that a battle was then in progress. Additional Union troops were marching in that direction to meet the rebels.

NEWS FROM PORT ROYAL.

The Forty-sixth New York Regiment, Colonel Rosa, has left Hilton Head and proceeded to Tybee Island. The Seventy-sixth and Sixtieth Pennsylvania Volunteers now occupy Otter Island in St. Helena Sound. The island possesses some strategic value from the fact that it commands the entrance of the South Edisto River and other important river points.

The cotton gathering by the negroes, under the direction of our troops, is progressing satisfactorily; several hundred bales have been brought down from Beaufort to Hilton Head. Over two millions of dollars' worth have already been secured.

RUMORED REACTION IN TENNESSEE.

A story is published of the state of affairs in Nashville, Tennessee, as furnished by two refugees from the rebel trap at New Orleans, who have just arrived in Cincinnati. It appears that while passing through Nashville on the 6th instant a counter-revolution of the most exciting character was going on. An effort to impress some citizens into the rebel army was resisted by the people, who rose in large numbers, and a general riot ensued. The police, who endeavored to subdue the multitude, were fiercely opposed, and four of them killed. The people then rushed toward the Capitol, to take vengeance on the rebel Governor, Harris, but that functionary fled precipitately to Memphis. This fact in itself is suggestive of a general reactionary movement in the South; but taken in connection with the accounts we have recently had of a similar spirit in North Carolina, Eastern Tennessee, the two reclaimed counties of Eastern Virginia, Arkansas, and New Orleans, there is abundant evidence that the Unionists in the rebel States, and thousands of others who are weary of the grinding despotism of Davis and his colleagues, are only waiting for protection and encouragement from the Government to put themselves once more under the folds of the old banner.

BATTLE IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Intelligence reaches us by way of Cincinnati that a hard-fought battle came off on Friday in Pocahontas county, Western Virginia, between General Milroy, of the Union troops, and General Johnston, commanding the rebels, which lasted from daylight till three o'clock in the afternoon. The Union troops numbered 750, and the rebels over 2000. The rebels were defeated, set fire to their camp, and retreated beyond the borders of Western Virginia. General Johnston was said to be shot in the mouth, while the loss of his men amounted to 200. On our side only thirty men were killed.

A MESSAGE FROM GENERAL BUCKNER.

The rebel General Buckner recently sent a flag of truce from his camp at Bowling Green, Kentucky, to the Union lines, asking permission for his wife to pass on to Louisville with the mortal remains of their infant daughter, which they wished to inter in their family vault in that city. General Buell courteously denied the request.

GENERAL HUNTER AT WORK.

General Hunter's proclamation to the Trustees of Platte City, Missouri, contains language strong and unmistakable. He names the persons he addresses, and says that, unless the rebels under a secession thief named Si. Gordon are not captured or driven out of that locality by the inhabitants themselves within ten days, he will send a force with orders to "reduce to ashes the houses of every secessionist in the country, and to carry away every negro."

PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE ALONG THE NORTHERN FRONTIER.

Colonel C. A. Waite, of the United States Army, has been placed in command of the military posts along the Northern line. His department extends from Maine to Michigan, and the different posts are immediately to be occupied and put in a state of defense. A regiment of cavalry will be stationed at Detroit. A regiment of artillery will be located in divisions at Niagara, Lockport, and Sackett's Harbor; and Fort Montgomery, at Rouse's Point, will be occupied by two companies of United States infantry within a few days, the works put in a state of defense, and guns mounted as soon as practicable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.

On receipt of the news of the boarding of the *Trent* in England the popular excitement became intense. Mr. Bright had made a speech at Rochdale, in which he referred in the friendliest terms to the cause in which the North is engaged, and expressed a hope that a rupture might still be avoided. Mr. Cobden had written a letter, moderate in tone, invoking a suspension of judgment. But the entire drift of opinion appeared to be in the direction of war, the ministerial press fanning the popular flame by promising to clear the sea of the American navy in a month; acknowledge the Southern Confederacy; and, by breaking the blockade, letting out cotton, and letting in British manufactures. A blockade of the Northern ports is also on the war programme. The London *Observer*, the more intimate mouth-piece of the ministers, declares it would be not only proper, but easy, to cause Slidell and Mason to be delivered to a British frigate, anchored in front of Washington, with twelve other royal men-of-war attending as witnesses of the humiliating spectacle. The tone of the press generally is violent and uncompromising, and little hope is expressed that the United States will make concessions. The London *Times*, indeed, declares a war to be sought by Mr. Seward through this transaction; and a remark said to have been made by General Scott since his arrival at Paris, is cited as showing the insult to have been deliberately planned by the Washington Cabinet.

The effect of the war policy of the Government upon the markets has been striking. The funds have fallen three per cent.; American securities have fallen six, and Canadian securities ten per cent. The speculative demand for cotton has almost ceased, in view of the early opening of the cotton ports resulting from hostilities, while breadstuffs have advanced.

A ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

Queen Victoria had issued a proclamation forbidding the export from all ports of the United Kingdom of gunpowder, nitre, nitrate of soda, brimstone, lead, and fire-arms.

THE BRITISH FLEET.

The three classes of reserve comprise eight line-of-battle ships, six frigates, five corvettes, and twelve sloops, mounting a grand total of 1861 guns. The steam gun-boats attached are not included, which are twenty-one in number, with forty-two guns. This, however, does not include the gun-boats and mortar-vessels laid up. The list is confined entirely to effective vessels at present, or could be rendered so with little delay. The ships in commission for service at Portsmouth mount 342 guns. The total number of guns in the ships enumerated above is 225, while Admiral Milne's fleet on the North American station amounts to 837 guns.

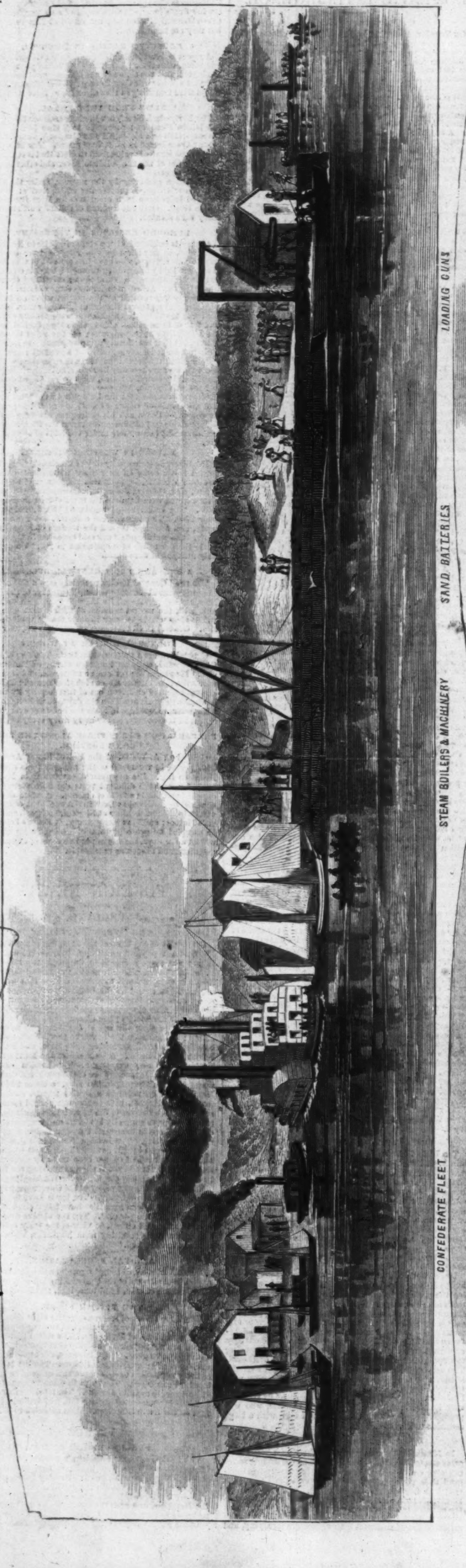
FRANCE.

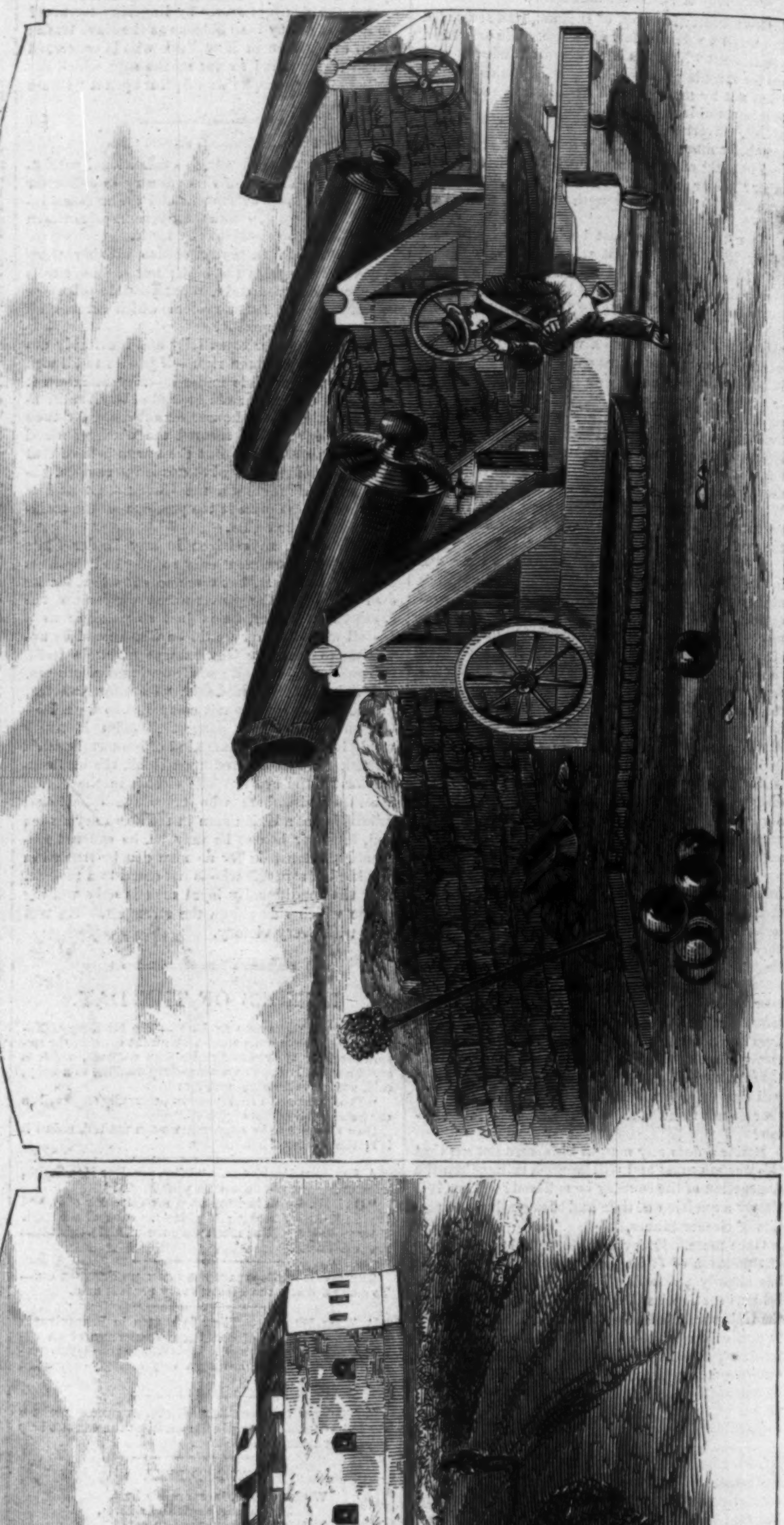
PUBLIC OPINION THERE.

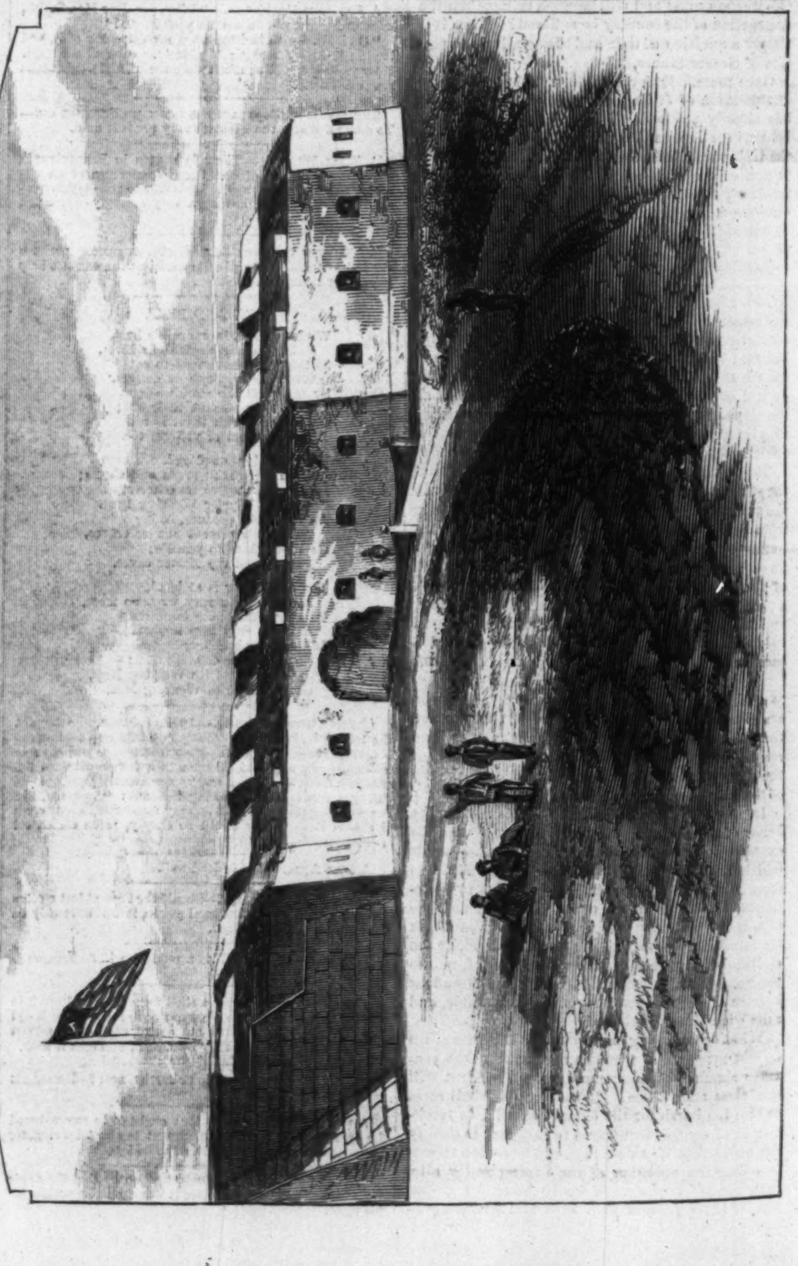
The Paris *Moniteur* considers a peaceful solution not impossible, and says that public opinion in the United States is very powerful, but is also very fickle, and it is best to await a solution of the question.

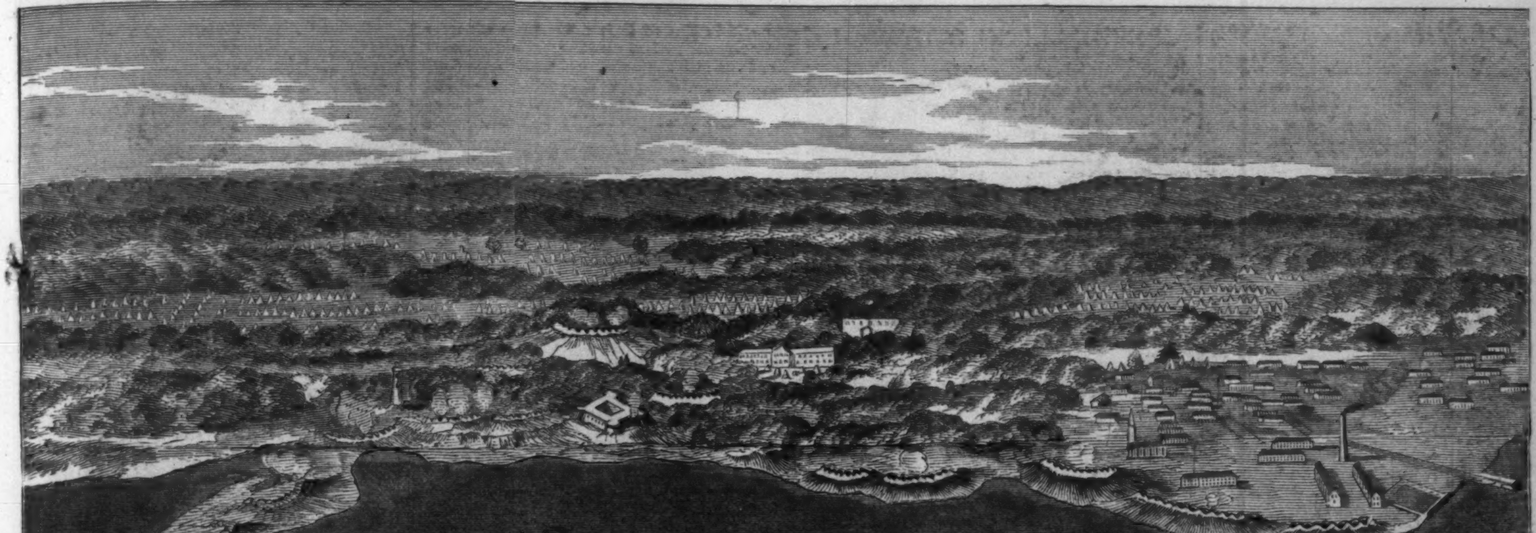
The Paris *Journal des Debats* approves the review of the *Moniteur*, and adds that the French Government is in no hurry to recognize the South.

Other French papers are of the same opinion.



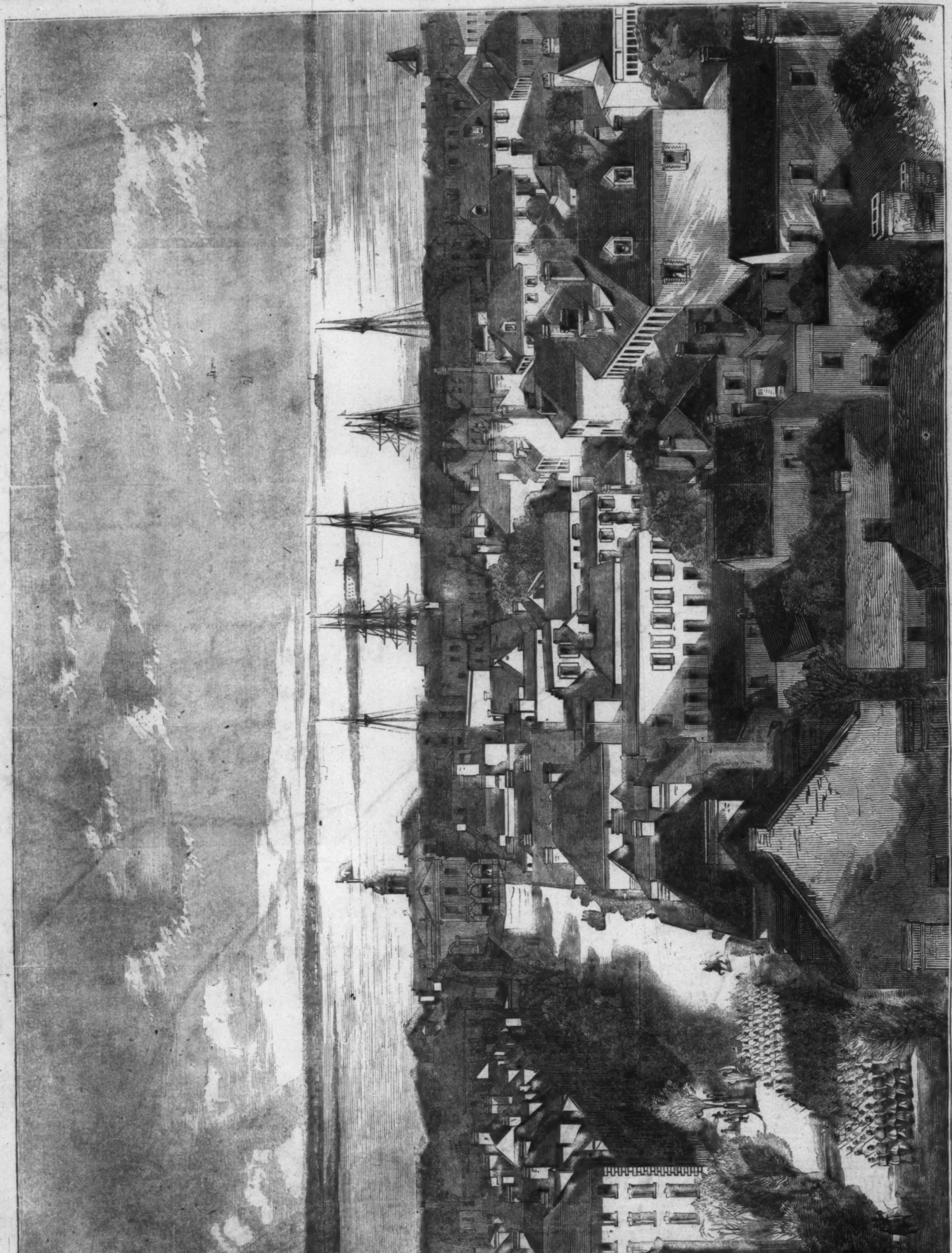

NORTHERN ROW OF GUNS AT FORT PICKENS, AFTER TWO DAYS' FIRING.—[See Page 827.]


ENTRANCE TO FORT PICKENS, FACING FORT BARANCAS, AFTER TWO DAYS' BOMBARDMENT.—[See Page 827.]



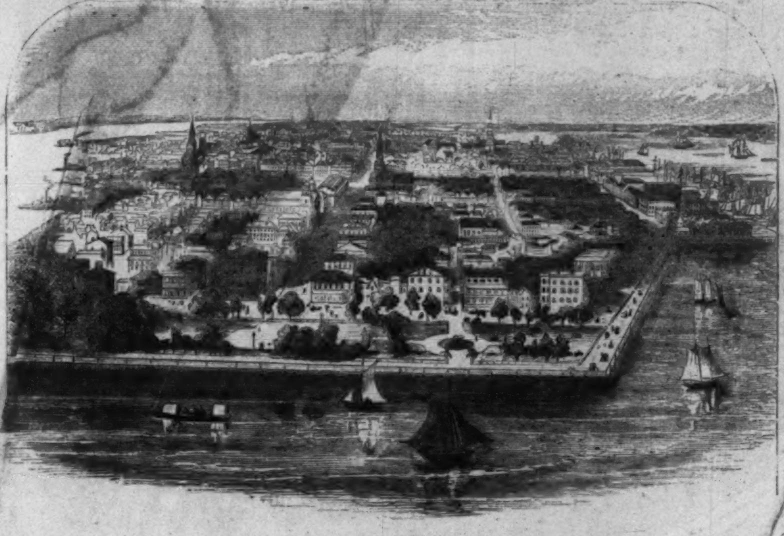
BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF FORT PICKENS DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.—[SEE PAGE 827.]

GENERAL HALLECK'S FLEET OF MORTAR-BOATS FOR SERVICE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 827.]



Broad Street. "Mercury" Office. Custom-house. Castle Pinckney. Fort Moultrie. Fort Sumter. Morris Island.

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, LOOKING SEAWARD, AND SHOWING THE BURNED DISTRICT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



BIRDSEYE-VIEW OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GROUP OF BANKS, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE BURNING OF CHARLESTON.

WE devote this and the preceding page to illustrations of the CITY OF CHARLESTON, South Carolina, which, we hear by telegraph, was mainly destroyed by fire on 11th and 12th. The dispatch from Fortress Monroe states:

The fire commenced in Charleston last night (December 11), at nine o'clock, in Ruzel & Co.'s sash factory, at the foot of Hazel Street, and communicated to the opposite side of Hazel, to Cameron & Co.'s machine shops.

Under the impulse thus given and a stiff breeze, with a small supply of water, the conflagration assumed a formidable character, nearly equaling the most extensive conflagration on the American continent.

The Theatre, Floyd's coach factory, opposite the Express office, the old Executive Building, and all the houses between that point and Queen Street, are burned. The whole of one side of Broad Street is destroyed, from Colonel Gadsden's residence to Mazyck Street. A considerable portion of the city, from East Bay to King Street, is destroyed. Among the prominent buildings burned are the Institute and St. Andrew's halls, Theatre, Catholic Cathedral, and the Circular Church.

At last accounts from Charleston the fire had crossed Broad Street, and was sweeping furiously on. Nearly all that part of the city from Broad Street on the south, East Bay Street on the east, and King on the west, is said to be destroyed.

An extra train had left Augusta with supplies for the sufferers—thousands of whom roamed the streets—and assistance to fight the fire.

There are rumors of a negro insurrection and negro incendiarism. One account states that a plot was disclosed by the body-servant of a military officer, who said that the negroes of the city were to be joined by large bands of negroes from the country, who were to come in armed at night. He said that the sash factory had been fired by a free negro, whom he designated, and who has been arrested. A small quantity of arms had been found under the floor of a negro cabin. They were all new and in good order. In other negro cabins knives and hatchets were found secreted.

The greatest consternation prevailed. Families were closing and barring their windows.

The fire companies being composed of men who are engaged on military duty elsewhere, the fire-engines were worked by negroes, who broke and rendered useless the two best ones. The offices of the *Courier* and *Mercury* are said to be destroyed.

Another account states that negro insurrections broke out in the interior of South Carolina two days before the fire, and are still raging unchecked; but this last report is not well authenticated.

The following history of the city of Charleston is from the *Herald*:

The city of Charleston is one of the oldest in the United States, having been founded in 1672. Its population was recruited some years afterward by Huguenot refugees who emigrated from France and settled in pretty considerable numbers in South Carolina. From this stock many of the first families of that region now claim to be descended. It was not till 1783 that it was incorporated as a city. Fifty-two years previously, in 1731, it contained six hundred houses and five churches, and a thriving business was done in its port. During the Revolutionary War the possession of the harbor of Charleston was the object of more than one British expedition. A garrison of four hundred on Sullivan's Island, under command of Colonel Moultrie, achieved great distinction by the repulse, on 28th June, 1776, of a British squadron of nine ships-of-war. On the 12th of May, 1780, the city was surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton by General Lincoln, the corporation and principal inhabitants refusing to co-operate in its defense, and offering to acknowledge the sovereignty of Great Britain. The British held it till May, 1782. It contains some thirty churches, a theatre, several excellent hotels, cotton presses and factories, engine and machine factories, ship-yards, and a large dry dock. Its banks and other moneyed corporations enjoyed a high reputation until the secession mania brought destruction upon the city and all its institutions. It has suffered greater disasters by fire than almost any other city in the United States. In 1778 there were two hundred and fifty-two houses consumed; in 1796 nearly a third of the city was destroyed, involving loss of property to the amount of $2,500,000. Again, in the great fire of 1838, the loss was estimated at $5,000,000.

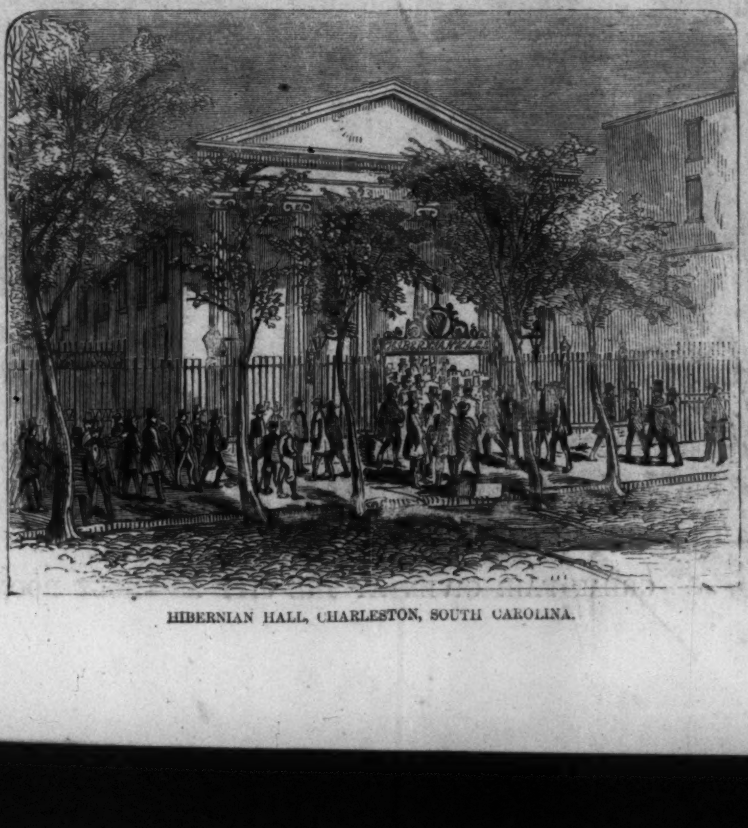
Mr. Simms, in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1857, describes some of the buildings, now burned, which appear in our illustrations. Of the "Group of Banks" he says: "That huge, heavy, and somewhat unsightly fabric in the fore-ground is the *Planters' and Mechanics' Bank*, a structure of the Charleston medieval period. Without, it is a most imposing deformity—a miserable abuse of a mixed model. Next is the *Farmers' and Exchange Bank*, a fanciful little fabric, a little too ornate for such a worship, and showing beside the Planters' and Mechanics' as a toy-box under the eaves of the Tower of Babel. The building just above is a shop and warehouse, and gives a very fair idea of the style and size of building usually allotted in Charleston to the retail traders. The tall structure further on is the *Union Bank*, of an old style, but not the oldest in Charleston architecture. Beyond, all the houses are employed in trade—shops, warehouses," etc. Mr. Simms says that the *Roman Catholic Cathedral* of St. John and St. Finbar "occupies a fine situation at the west end of Broad Street. It is of recent erection, of brown freestone, from a design by Keely, of Brooklyn. Its style is graceful and imposing." Of the *Circular Church* Mr. Simms says: "This church belongs to the medieval period of the Palmetto City. But recent repairs and alterations have somewhat modernized and improved it; and it is now such an edifice as will not offend the eye of a critical inspector." The *South Carolina Institute*, which appears in the same view, is described as a structure of the Italian style, with a façade of eighty feet; the entrance being through a lofty arch-way, with staircases leading to the great hall above, capable of seating three thousand persons.

This paper by Mr. Simms contains views and descriptions of all the principal buildings in Charleston; and if, as we have reason to suppose, these buildings have been destroyed, this Magazine article may be the only memorial existing of Charleston as it existed before the Great Rebellion.

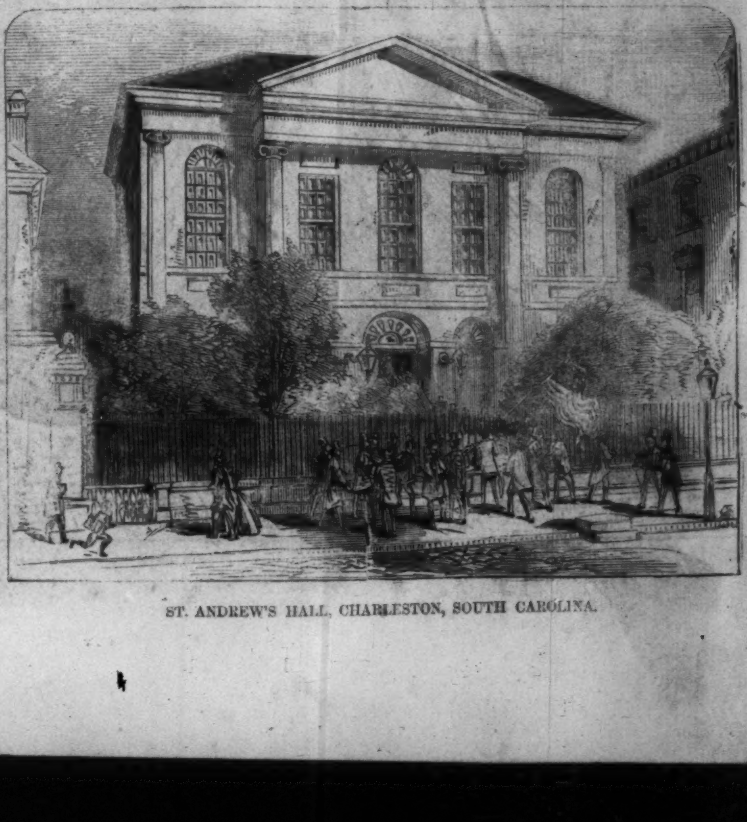
Speaking of the fire, the *Herald* says: "Does it not look like a retribution of Providence, and an omen and a type of the future destruction of the rebellion?"

CIRCULAR CHURCH AND SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

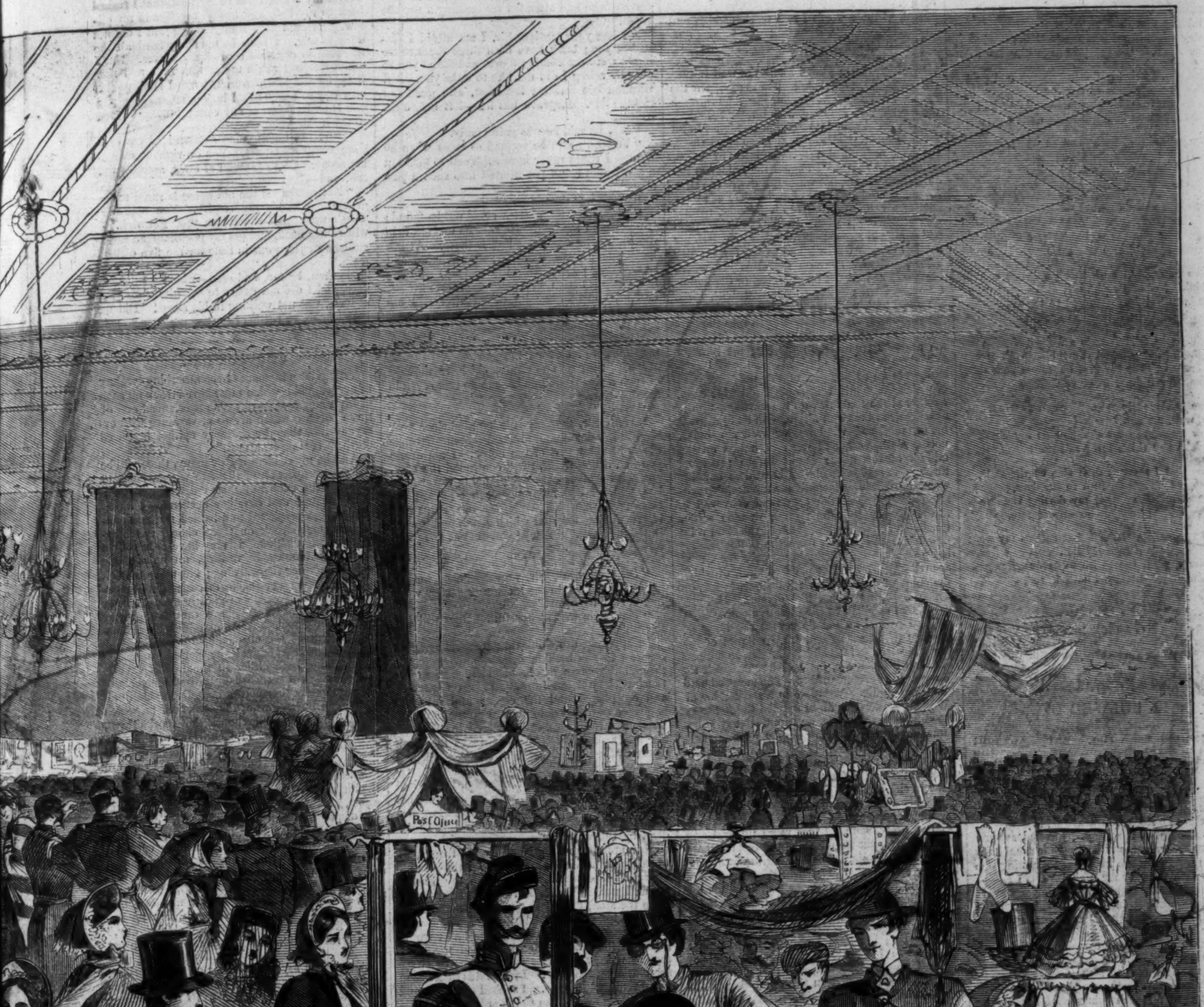


HIBERNIAN HALL, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.



ST. ANDREW'S HALL, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

GREAT FAIR GIVEN AT THE CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NEW YORK



YORK, DECEMBER, 1861, IN AID OF THE CITY POOR.—[See Page 827.]

"LIST OF THE KILLED."

MOTHERS who sit in dumb terror and dread,
Holding that terrible list,
Fearing to look lest you see 'mid the dead
The name of the boy you have kissed—

Kissed e'en as those who in anguish and pain
Kiss precious faces of clay,
E'en as you would had you shuddering lain
That dear one in grave-robes away:

I pity you, sitting with faces so white,
Striving to parry the blow;
I know how that name will torture your sight,
Can fathom the depth of your woe.

By the pang that's rent *my* desolate heart,
By this crushing weight of despair,
I know how you too will shudder and start,
Reading that dear name there.

I know how you'll hush that passionate cry,
Thinking of him as he lies,
With beautiful face upturned to the sky,
Death veiling the glorious eyes.

"Fighting he fell!" Does a feeling of pride
Lighten your grief as you think
How *brave* was the boy that went from your side,
How he *would* not falter or shrink?

The mother-love triumphs. Men call women weak.
Ah, well, perhaps it is so!
I know there are tears e'en now on my cheek
For the boy that's lying so low.

I know that I start at each step on the stair,
With wistful glance turn to the door,
Thinking, perchance, that my darling is there—
Peace, heart! he can come nevermore.

But still there's a thought that softens my woe:
Above there's a glorified list,
And one day I'll hear, with rapturous glow,
The name of the boy I have kissed.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LI.

WHEN we separated for the night, which we did at eleven o'clock, Margrave said:

"Good-night and good-by. I must leave you to-morrow, Strahan, and before your usual hour for rising. I took the liberty of requesting one of your men to order me a chaise from L——. Pardon my seeming abruptness, but I always avoid long leave-takings, and I had fixed the date of my departure almost as soon as I accepted your invitation."

"I have no right to complain. The place must be dull, indeed, to a gay young fellow like you. It is dull even to me. I am meditating flight already. Are you going back to L——?"

"Not even for such things as I left at my lodgings. When I settle somewhere, and can give an address, I shall direct them to be sent to me. There are, I hear, beautiful patches of scenery toward the north, only known to pedestrian tourists. I am a good walker; and you know, Fenwick, that I am also a child of Nature. Adieu to you both; and many thanks to you, Strahan, for your hospitality."

He left the room.

"I am not sorry he is going," said Strahan, after a pause, and with a quick breath as if of relief. "Do you not feel that he exhausts one? An excess of oxygen, as you would say in a lecture."

I was alone in my own chamber; I felt indisposed for bed and for sleep; the curious conversation I had held with Margrave weighed on me. Indirectly we had, in that conversation, touched upon the prodigies which I had not brought myself to speak of with frank courage, and certainly nothing in Margrave's manner had betrayed consciousness of my suspicions; on the contrary, the open frankness with which he evinced his predilection for mystic speculation, or uttered his more unamiable sentiments, rather tended to disarm than encourage belief in gloomy secrets or sinister powers. And he was about to quit the neighborhood, he would not again see Lilian, not even enter the town of L——. Was I to ascribe this relief from his presence to the promise of the Shadow, or was I not rather right in battling firmly against any grotesque illusion, and accepting his departure as a simple proof that my jealous fears had been among my other chimeras, and that as he had really only visited Lilian out of friendship to me, in my peril, so he might, with his characteristic acuteness, have guessed my jealousy, and ceased his visits from a kindly motive delicately concealed? And might not the same motive now have dictated the words which were intended to assure me that L—— contained no attractions to tempt him to return to it? Thus gradually soothed and cheered by the course to which my reflections led me, I continued to muse for hours. At length, looking at my watch, I was surprised to find it was the second hour after midnight. I was just about to rise from my chair to undress, and secure some hours of sleep, when the well-remembered cold wind passed through the room, stirring the roots of my hair, and before me stood, against the wall, the Luminous Shadow.

"Rise, and follow me," said the voice, sounding much nearer to me than it had ever done before.

And at those words I rose mechanically, and like a sleep-walker.

"Take up the light."

I took it.

The Scin-Læca glided along the wall toward the threshold, and motioned to me to open the door. I did so. The Shadow flitted on through the corridor. I followed, with hushed footsteps, down a small stair into Forman's study. In all my subsequent proceedings, about to be narrated, the Shadow guided me, sometimes by voice, sometimes by sign. I obeyed the guidance not only unresistingly, but without a desire to resist. I was unconscious either of curiosity or of awe—only of a calm and passive indifference, neither pleasurable nor painful. In this obedience, from which all will seemed extracted, I took into my hands the staff which I had examined the day before, and which lay on the table just where Margrave had cast it on re-entering the house. I unclosed the shutter to the casement, lifted the sash, and, with the light in my left hand, the staff in my right, stepped forth into the garden. The night was still; the flame of the candle scarcely trembled in the air; the Shadow moved on before me toward the old pavilion described in an earlier part of this narrative, and of which the mouldering doors stood wide open. I followed the Shadow into the pavilion, up the crazy stair to the room above, with its four great blank, unglazed windows, or rather arcades, north, south, east, and west. I halted on the middle of the floor: Right before my eyes, through the vista made by breathless boughs, stood out from the moonlit air the dreary mausoleum. Then, at the command conveyed to me, I placed the candle on a wooden settle, touched a spring in the handle of the staff, a lid flew back, and I drew from the hollow first a lump of some dark bituminous substance, next a small slender wand of polished steel, of which the point was tipped with a translucent material which appeared to me like crystal. Bending down, still obedient to the direction conveyed to me, I described on the floor with the lump of bitumen (if I may so call it) the figure of the pentacle with the interlaced triangles, in a circle nine feet in diameter, just as I had drawn it for Margrave the evening before. The material used made the figure perceptible in a dark color of mingled black and red. I applied the flame of the candle to the circle, and immediately it became lambent with a low steady splendor that rose about an inch from the floor, and gradually from this light there emanated a soft gray transparent mist and a faint but exquisite odor. I stood in the midst of the circle, and within the circle also, close by my side, stood the Scin-Læca; no longer reflected on the wall, but apart from it, erect, rounded into more integral and distinct form, yet impalpable, and from it there breathed an icy air. Then lifting the wand, the broader end of which rested in the palm of my hand, the two fore-fingers closing lightly over it in a line parallel with the point, I directed it toward the wide aperture before me, fronting the mausoleum. I repeated aloud some words whispered to me in a language I knew not: those words I would not trace on this paper could I remember them. As they came to a close I heard a howl from the watch-dog in the yard—a dismal, lugubrious howl. Other dogs in the distant village caught up the sound, and bayed in a dirge-like chorus; and the howling went on louder and louder. Again strange words were whispered to me, and I repeated them in mechanical submission; and when they, too, were ended I felt the ground tremble beneath me, and as my eyes looked straight forward down the vista, that, stretching from the casement, was bounded by the solitary mausoleum, vague formless shadows seemed to pass across the moonlight—below, along the sward—above, in the air; and then suddenly a terror, not before conceived, came upon me.

And a third time words were whispered; but though I knew no more of their meaning than I did of those that had preceded them, I felt a repugnance to utter them aloud. Mutely I turned toward the Scin-Læca, and the expression of its face was menacing and terrible; my will became yet more compelled to the control imposed upon it, and my lips commenced the formula again whispered into my ear, when I heard distinctly a voice of warning and of anguish, that murmured "Hold!" I knew the voice; it was Lilian's. I paused—I turned toward the quarter from which the voice had come, and in the space afar I saw the features, the form of Lilian. Her arms were stretched toward me in supplication, her countenance was deadly pale and anxious with unutterable distress. The whole image seemed in unison with the voice—the look, the attitude, the gesture, of one who sees another in deadly peril, and cries "Beware!"

This apparition vanished in a moment; but that moment sufficed to free my mind from the constraint which had before enslaved it. I dashed the wand to the ground, sprang from the circle, rushed from the place. How I got into my own room I can remember not—I know not; I have a vague reminiscence of some intervening wanderings, of giant trees, of shroud-like moonlight, of the Shining Shadow and its angry aspect, of the blind walls and iron door of the House of the Dead, of spectral images—a confused and dreary phantasmagoria. But all I can recall with distinctness is the sight of my own hueless face in the mirror in my own still room, by the light of the white moon through the window; and sinking down, I said to myself, "This, at least, is a hallucination or a dream!"

CHAPTER LII.

A HEAVY sleep came over me at daybreak, but I did not undress nor go to bed. The sun was high in the heavens when, on waking, I saw the servant who had attended me bustling about the room.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, I am afraid I disturbed you; but I have been three times to see if you were not coming down, and found you so soundly asleep I did not like to wake you. Mr. Strahan has finished breakfast, and gone out riding; Mr. Margrave has left—left before six o'clock."

"Ah, he said he was going early."

"Yes, Sir; and he seemed so cross when he went, I could never have supposed so pleasant a gentleman could put himself into such a passion!"

"What was the matter?"

"Why, his walking-stick could not be found; it was not in the hall. He said he had left it in the study; we could not find it there. At last he found it himself in the old summer-house, and said—I beg pardon, he said—'he was sure you had taken it there: that some one, at all events, had been meddling with it.' However, I am very glad it was found, since he seems to set such store on it."

"Did Mr. Margrave go himself into the summer-house to look for it?"

"Yes, Sir; no one else would have thought of such a place; no one likes to go there even in the day-time."

"Why?"

"Why, Sir, they say it is haunted since poor Sir Philip's death; and indeed there are strange noises in every part of the house. I am afraid you had a bad night, Sir," continued the servant, with evident curiosity glancing toward the bed, which I had not pressed, and toward the evening-dress, which, while he spoke, I was rapidly changing for that which I habitually wore in the morning. "I hope you did not feel yourself ill?"

"No; but it seems I fell asleep in my chair."

"Did you hear, Sir, how the dogs howled about two o'clock in the morning? They woke me. Very frightful!"

"The moon was at her full. Dogs will bay the moon."

I felt relieved to think that I should not find Strahan in the breakfast-room, and hastening through the ceremony of a meal which I scarcely touched, I went out into the park unobserved, and creeping round the copses and into the neglected garden, made my way to the pavilion. I mounted the stairs—I looked on the floor of the upper room; yes, there still was the black figure of the pentacle—the circle. So, then, it was not a dream! Till then I had doubted. Or might it not still be so far a dream, that I had walked in my sleep, and, with an imagination preoccupied by my conversations with Margrave—by the hieroglyphics on the staff I had handled, by the very figure associated with superstitious practices which I had copied from some weird book at his request, by all the strange impressions previously stamped on my mind—might I not, in truth, have carried thither in sleep the staff, described the circle, and all the rest been but visionary delusion? Surely—surely, so common sense and so Julius Faber would interpret the riddles that perplexed me. Be that as it may, my first thought was to efface the marks on the floor. I found this easier than I had ventured to hope. I rubbed the circle and the pentacle away from the boards with the sole of my foot, leaving but an undistinguishable smudge behind. I know not why, but I felt the more nervously anxious to remove all such evidences of my nocturnal visit to that room, because Margrave had so openly gone thither to seek for the staff, and had so rudely named me to the servant as having meddled with it. Might he not awake some suspicion against me? Suspicion, what of? I knew not, but I feared!

The healthful air of day gradually nerved my spirits and relieved my thoughts. But the place had become hateful to me. I resolved not to wait for Strahan's return, but to walk back to L——, and leave a message for my host. It was sufficient excuse that I could not longer absent myself from my patients; accordingly, I gave directions to have the few things that I had brought with me sent to my house by any servant who might be going to L——, and was soon pleased to find myself outside the park gates and on the high road.

I had not gone a mile before I met Strahan on horseback. He received my apologies for not waiting his return to bid him farewell, without observation, and, dismounting, led his horse and walked beside me on my road. I saw that there was something on his mind; at last he said, looking down,

"Did you hear the dogs howl last night?"

"Yes! the full moon!"

"You were awake, then, at the time. Did you hear any other sound? Did you see any thing?"

"What should I hear or see!"

Strahan was silent for some moments; then he said, with great seriousness,

"I could not sleep when I went to bed last night; I felt feverish and restless. Somehow or other Margrave got into my head, mixed up, in some strange way, with Sir Philip Derval. I heard the dogs howl, and at the same time, or rather a few minutes later, I felt the whole house tremble, as a frail corner-house in London seems to tremble at night when a carriage is driven past it. The howling had then ceased, and ceased as suddenly as it had begun. I felt a vague superstitious alarm; I got up and went to my window, which was unclosed (it is my habit to sleep with my windows open)—the moon was very bright—and I saw, I declare I saw, along the green alley that leads from the old part of the house to the mausoleum— No, I will not say what I saw or believed I saw—you would ridicule me, and justly. But whatever it might be, on the earth without or in the fancy within my brain, I was so terrified, that I rushed back to my bed, and buried my face in my pillow. I would have come to you; but I did not dare to stir. I have been riding hard all the morning in order to recover my nerves. But I dread sleeping again under that roof, and now that you and Margrave leave me, I shall go this very day to London. I hope all that I have told you is no bad sign of any coming disease, blood to the head, eh?"

"No; but imagination overstrained can produce wondrous effects. You do right to change the scene. Go to London at once, amuse yourself, and—"

"Not return till the old house is razed to the ground. That is my resolve. You approve? That's well. All success to you, Fenwick. I will canter back, and get my portmanteau ready and the carriage out in time for the five o'clock train."

So then, he too, had seen—what? I did not dare, and I did not desire to ask him. But he, at least, was not walking in his sleep! Did we both dream, or neither?

CHAPTER LIII.

THERE is an instance of the absorbing tyranny of everyday life which must have struck all such of my readers as have ever experienced one of those portents which are so at variance with everyday life, that the ordinary epithet bestowed on them is "supernatural."

And be my readers few or many, there will be no small proportion of them to whom, once, at least, in the course of their existence, a something strange and *eirie* has occurred—a something which perplexed and baffled rational conjecture, and struck on those chords which vibrate to superstition. It may have been only a dream unaccountably verified, an undefinable presentiment or forewarning; but up from such slighter and vaguer tokens of the realm of marvel—up to the portents of ghostly apparitions or haunted chambers, I believe that the greater number of persons arrived at middle age, however instructed the class, however civilized the land, however skeptical the period, to which they belong, have either in themselves experienced, or heard recorded by intimate associates whose veracity they accept as indisputable in all ordinary transactions of life—phenomena which are not to be solved by the wit that mocks them, nor, perhaps, always and entirely, to the contentment of the reason or the philosophy that explains them away. Such phenomena, I say, are infinitely more numerous than would appear from the instances currently quoted and dismissed with a jest, for few of those who have witnessed them are disposed to own it, and they who only hear of them through others, however trust-worthy, would not impugn their character for common sense by professing a belief to which common sense is a merciless persecutor. But he who reads my assertion in the quiet of his own room will, perhaps, pause, ransack his memory, and find there, in some dark corner which he excludes from "the babbling and remorseless day," a pale recollection that proves the assertion not untrue.

And it is, I say, an instance of the absorbing tyranny of everyday life that whenever some such startling incident disturbs its regular tenor of thought and occupation, that same everyday life hastens to bury in its sands the object which has troubled its surface; the more unaccountable, the more prodigious has been the phenomenon which has scared and astounded us; the more, with involuntary effort, the mind seeks to rid itself of an enigma which might disease the reason that tries to solve it. We go about our mundane business with renewed avidity; we feel the necessity of proving to ourselves that we are still sober, practical men, and refuse to be unfitted for the world which we know, by unsolicited visitations from worlds into which every glimpse is soon lost amidst shadows. And it amazes to think how soon such incidents, though not actually forgotten, though they can be recalled—and recalled too vividly for health—at our will, are, nevertheless, thrust, as it were, out of the mind's sight, as we cast into lumber-rooms the crutches and splints that remind us of a broken limb which has recovered its strength and tone. It is a felicitous peculiarity in our organization, which all members of my profession will have noticed, how soon, when a bodily pain is once past, it becomes erased from the recollection, how soon and how invariably the mind refuses to linger over and recall it. No man freed an hour before from a raging toothache, the rack of a neuralgia, seats himself in his arm-chair to recollect and ponder upon the anguish he has undergone. It is the same with certain afflictions of the mind—not with those that strike on our affections, or blast our fortunes, overshadowing our whole future with a sense of loss—but where a trouble or calamity has been an accident, an episode in our wonted life, where it affects ourselves alone, where it is attended with a sense of shame and humiliation, where the pain of recalling it seems idle, and if indulged would almost madden us; agonies of that kind we do not brood over as we do over the death or falsehood of beloved friends, or the train of events by which we are reduced from wealth to penury. No one, for instance, who has escaped from a shipwreck, from the brink of a precipice, from the jaws of a tiger, spends his days and nights in reviving his terrors past, reimagining dangers not to occur again, or, if they do occur, from which the experience undergone can suggest no additional safeguards. The current of our life, indeed, like that of the rivers, is most rapid in the midmost channel, where all streams are alike, comparatively slow in the depth and along the shores in which each life, as each river, has a character peculiar to itself. And hence, those who would sail *with* the tide of the

world, as those who sail with the tide of a river, hasten to take the middle of the stream, as those who sail *against* the tide are found clinging to the shore. I returned to my habitual duties and avocations with renewed energy; I did not suffer my thoughts to dwell on the dreary wonders that had haunted me from the evening I first met Sir Philip Derval to the morning in which I had quitted the house of his heir; whether realities or hallucinations, no guess of mine could unravel such marvels, and no prudence of mine guard me against their repetition. But I had no fear that they would be repeated, any more than the man who has gone through shipwreck, or the hair-breadth escape from a fall down a glacier, fears again to be found in a similar peril. Margrave had departed, whither I knew not, and, with his departure, ceased all sense of his influence. A certain calm within me, a tranquillizing feeling of relief, seemed to me like a pledge of permanent delivery.

But that which did accompany and haunt me through all my occupations and pursuits, was the melancholy remembrance of the love I had lost in Lilian. I heard from Mrs. Ashleigh, who still frequently visited me, that her daughter seemed much in the same quiet state of mind—perfectly reconciled to our separation—seldom mentioning my name—if mentioning it, with indifference; the only thing remarkable in her state was her aversion to all society, and a kind of lethargy that would come over her often in the day. She would suddenly fall into sleep, and so remain for hours, but a sleep that seemed very serene and tranquil, and from which she woke of herself. She kept much within her own room, and always retired to it when visitors were announced.

Mrs. Ashleigh began reluctantly to relinquish the persuasion she had so long and so obstinately maintained that this state of feeling toward myself—and, indeed, this general change in Lilian—was but temporary and abnormal; she began to allow that it was best to drop all thoughts of a renewed engagement—a future union. I proposed to see Lilian in her presence and in my professional capacity; perhaps some physical cause, especially for this lethargy, might be detected and removed. Mrs. Ashleigh owned to me that the idea had occurred to herself; she had sounded Lilian upon it; but her daughter had so resolutely opposed it; had said with so quiet a firmness "that all being over between us, a visit from me would be unwelcome and painful;" that Mrs. Ashleigh felt that an interview thus deprecated would only confirm estrangement. One day, in calling, she asked my advice whether it would not be better to try the effect of change of air and scene, and, in some other place, some other medical opinion might be taken? I approved of this suggestion with unspeakable sadness.

"And," said Mrs. Ashleigh, shedding tears, "if that experiment prove unsuccessful, I will write and let you know; and we must then consider what to say to the world as a reason why the marriage is broken off. I can render this more easy by staying away. I will not return to L—— till the matter has ceased to be the topic of talk, and at a distance any excuse will be less questioned and seem more natural. But still—still—let us hope still."

"Have you one ground for hope?"

"Perhaps so; but you will think it very frail and fallacious."

"Name it, and let me judge."

"One night—in which you were on a visit to Derval Court—"

"Ay, that night."

"Lilian woke me by a loud cry (she sleeps in the next room to me, and the door was left open); I hastened to her bedside in alarm; she was asleep, but appeared extremely agitated and convulsed. She kept calling on your name in a tone of passionate fondness, but as if in great terror. She cried, 'Do not go, Allen! do not go! you know not what you brave! what you do!' Then she rose in her bed, clasping her hands. Her face was set and rigid: I tried to awake her, but could not. After a little time she breathed a deep sigh, and murmured, 'Allen, Allen! dear love! did you not hear—did you not see me? What could thus baffle matter and traverse space but love and soul? Can you still doubt me, Allen? Doubt that I love you, now, shall love you evermore? Yonder, yonder, as here below?' She then sank back on her pillow, weeping, and then I woke her."

"And what did she say on waking?"

"She did not remember what she had dreamed, except that she had passed through some great terror—but added, with a vague smile, 'It is over, and I feel happy now.' Then she turned round and fell asleep again, but quietly as a child, the tears dried, the smile resting."

"Go, my dear friend, go; take Lilian away from this place as soon as you can; divert her mind with fresh scenes. I hope! I do hope! Let me know where you fix yourself. I will seize a holiday—I need one; I will arrange as to my patients—I will come to the same place; she need not know of it—but I must be by to watch, to hear your news of her. Heaven bless you for what you have said! I hope! I do hope!"

CHAPTER LIV

SOME days after I received a few lines from Mrs. Ashleigh. Her arrangements for departure were made. They were to start the next morning. She had fixed on going into the north of Devonshire, and staying some weeks either at Ilfracombe or Lynton, whichever place Lilian preferred. She would write as soon as they were settled.

I was up at my usual early hour the next morning. I resolved to go out toward Mrs. Ashleigh's house, and watch, unnoticed, where I might, perhaps, catch a glimpse of Lilian as the carriage that would convey her to the railway passed my hiding-place.

I was looking impatiently at the clock; it was yet two hours before the train by which Mrs. Ashleigh proposed to leave. A loud ring at my bell! I opened the door. Mrs. Ashleigh rushed in, falling on my breast.

"Lilian! Lilian!"

"Heavens! What has happened?"

"She has left—she is gone—gone away! Oh, Allen! how?—whither? Advise me. What is to be done?"

"Come in—compose yourself—tell me all—clearly, quickly. Lilian gone?—gone away? impossible! She must be hid somewhere in the house—the garden; she, perhaps, did not like the journey. She may have crept away to some young friend's house. But *I* talk when you should talk: tell me all."

Little enough to tell! Lilian had seemed unusually cheerful the night before, and pleased at the thought of the excursion. Mother and daughter retired to rest early: Mrs. Ashleigh saw Lilian sleeping quietly before she herself went to bed. She woke betimes in the morning, dressed herself, went into the next room to call Lilian—Lilian was not there. No suspicion of flight occurred to her. Perhaps her daughter might be up already, and gone down stairs, remembering something she might wish to pack and take with her on the journey. Mrs. Ashleigh was confirmed in this idea when she noticed that her own room door was left open. She went down stairs, met a maid-servant in the hall, who told her, with alarm and surprise, that both the street and garden doors were found unclosed. No one had seen Lilian. Mrs. Ashleigh now became seriously uneasy. On remounting to her daughter's room, she missed Lilian's bonnet and mantle. The house and garden were both searched in vain. There could be no doubt that Lilian had gone—must have stolen noiselessly at night through her mother's room, and let herself out of the house and through the garden.

"Do you think she could have received any letter, any message, any visitor unknown to you?"

"I can not think it. Why do you ask? Oh, Allen, you do not believe there is any accomplice in this disappearance! No, you do not believe it. But my child's honor! What will the world think?"

Not for the world cared I at that moment. I could think only of Lilian, and without one suspicion that imputed blame to her.

"Be quiet, be silent; perhaps she has gone on some visit, and will return. Meanwhile, leave inquiry to me."

THE RING.

You placed this ring on my finger,
  My Willie warm and true,
And bade me take it off when I
  Loved some one more than you.

You went to fight for native land,
  My Willie strong and brave,
And when you went away I said
  I'd love you to the grave.

Low on my dying bed, Willie,
  I'm lying in this hour,
But the ring is on my finger still,
  And I love you more and more.

I'm wasted to a shade, Willie,
  My voice comes faint and low,
But my heart is strong with love for you,
  And the ring shall never go.

My hand is thin and white, Willie,
  My finger is too small;
And last night, as I slept, the ring
  Slipped off—I heard it fall.

No one was nigh me then, Willie,
  To give it me again,
And I crept down and got it, though
  I thrilled with fearful pain.

And now I'm dying. No one knows
  What rashness I have done;
I'll never tell them what I did;
  They'll wonder when I'm gone.

Good-by, a last good-by, Willie,
  My voice comes faint and low;
But I keep my thin hand tightly shut—
  The ring shall never go!

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, *November*, 1861.

MISSISSIPPI MORTAR-BOATS.

ON page 821 we publish a picture representing the FLEET OF MORTAR-BOATS which have been built for the descent of the Mississippi. Our artist, Mr. Simplot, writes us as follows:

"ST. LOUIS, *December* 11, 1861.

"Inclosed I send you a sketch of the Mortar-Boats intended for service in the military expedition down the Mississippi. They are thirty-eight in number, and are now lying complete—with the exception of their necessary armament—near this city. I understand, however, that they will be towed down immediately to Cairo, and there equipped. Each boat is to carry a heavy mortar, and will be also used for conveying the troops on the expedition."

THE GREAT FAIR AT NEW YORK.

WE devote pages 824 and 825 to illustrations of THE GREAT FAIR which opened on Friday, December 13, at the *New York Assembly Rooms.* This fair was got up by the LADIES OF NEW YORK, without distinction of sect, for the relief of the poor, especially that part of them left destitute by the war. It proved a complete success. The array of beauty and fashion which gathered round the tables has never been surpassed, and the proceeds will prove a handsome fund for the object proposed by the managers. The rooms were placed at the disposal of the Ladies' Aid Association by A. T. STEWART, Esq.

THE EXECUTION OF JOHNSON.

ON page 828 we illustrate the military execution of Johnson, who was shot at Washington for desertion on 13th. The culprit's crime is clearly described in the following extract from his confession:

I had not the slightest intention of deserting up to a few minutes before I started in the direction of the enemy's lines. The way I came to leave our army was this: I was on the outposts, and after dinner, when out watering my horse, I thought I would go to the first house on the Braddock road and get a drink of milk. When I rode up to the house I saw a man and a boy. I asked the man for some milk and he said he had none, and to my inquiry as to where I could get some, he said he did not know, except I should go some distance further on. I said I thought it would be dangerous to go far, and he remarked that none of the rebels had been seen in that vicinity for some time. It was then that I conceived the idea of deserting. I thought I could ride right up to the rebel pickets and inside the enemy's line, go and see my mother in New Orleans, stay for a few weeks in the South, and then be able to get back to our regiment again, perhaps with some valuable information. I never had any idea of going over to the rebels, and as it is I would rather be hung on a tree than go and join the rebel army. I don't see what under heaven put it into my head to go away. I acted from the impulse of the moment. When the man at the house said none of the enemy had been seen lately in that vicinity I asked where it was that the five rebels I had heard of had been seen some time ago, and he said it was at the round house on the left-hand side of the road. I asked him where the road led to. He said to Centreville, and so I went that way. Riding along on the Braddock road, some miles beyond our pickets, I suddenly came across Colonel Taylor, of the Third New Jersey regiment, with his scouting party. I thought they were the rebels, but at first was so scared that I did not know what to say. However, I asked him who they were, and he said they were the enemy. Said I to him, "I'm all right, then." "Why so?" said he. "Because we are all friends," said I; "I am rebel too—I want to go down to New Orleans to see my mother." Then he asked me how our pickets were stationed. I told him two of our companies which had been out went in that day toward the camps. He asked if I thought he could capture any of them, and I told him I did not think he could. He asked why, and I replied that there were a number of mounted riflemen around. The head scout asked me what kind of arms the Lincoln men received, and at the same time said, "Let me see your pistol." I handed him my revolver. Colonel Taylor took it, and cocking it, said to me, "Dismount, or I will blow your brains out!" I was so much frightened I thought my brains had been blown out already. I dismounted, delivered up my belt and sabre, while at the same time they searched my pockets, but there was nothing in them except a piece of an old New York *Ledger*, I believe. Then he tied my hands behind me, and sent me back to camp in charge of three men, besides another who took my horse.

He was duly tried by court-martial and found guilty. The sentence having been approved, it was ordered that it be carried into effect on 13th. The following extracts from the *Herald* report complete the melancholy history:

The spot chosen for the impressive scene was a spacious field near the Fairfax Seminary, a short distance from the camp ground of the division. The troops fell into line, forming three sides of a square, in the order designated in the programme, precisely at three o'clock P.M.

In the mean time the funeral procession was formed at the quarters of Captain Boyd, Provost Marshal of the Alexandria division, near the head-quarters of General Franklin. Shortly after three o'clock it reached the fatal field.

The Provost Marshal, mounted and wearing a crimson scarf across his breast, led the mournful cortége. He was immediately followed by the buglers of the regiment, four abreast, dismounted. Then came the twelve men—one from each company in the regiment, selected by ballot—who constituted the firing party. The arms—Sharp's breech-loading rifle—had been previously loaded under the direction of the Marshal. One was loaded with a blank cartridge, according to the usual custom, so that neither of the men could positively state that the shot from his rifle killed the unfortunate man. The coffin, which was of pine wood stained, and without any inscription, came next, in a one-horse wagon. Immediately behind followed the unfortunate man, in an open wagon. About five feet six inches in height, with light hair and whiskers, his eyebrows joining each other, Johnson presented a most forlorn spectacle. He was dressed in cavalry uniform, with the regulation overcoat and black gloves. He was supported by Father M'Atee, who was in constant conversation with him, while Father Willett rode behind on horseback. The rear was brought up by Company C of the Lincoln Cavalry, forming the escort.

Arriving on the ground at half past three o'clock, the musicians and the escort took a position a little to the left, while the criminal descended from the wagon. The coffin was placed on the ground, and he took his place beside it. The firing party was marched up to within six paces of the prisoner, who stood between the clergymen. The final order of execution was then read to the condemned.

While the order was being read Johnson stood with his hat on, his head a little inclined to the left, and his eyes fixed in a steady gaze on the ground. Near the close of the reading one of his spiritual attendants whispered something in his ear. Johnson had expressed a desire to say a few final words before he should leave this world to appear before his Maker. He was conducted close to the firing party, and in an almost inaudible voice spoke as follows:

"BOYS,—I ask forgiveness from Almighty God and from my fellow-men for what I have done. I did not know what I was doing. May God forgive me, and may the Almighty keep all of you from all such sin!"

He was then placed beside the coffin again. The troops were witnessing the whole of these proceedings with the intensest interest. Then the Marshal and the chaplains began to prepare the culprit for his death. He was too weak to stand. He sat down on the foot of the coffin. Captain Boyd then bandaged his eyes with a white handkerchief. A few minutes of painful suspense intervened while the Catholic clergymen were having their final interview with the unfortunate man. All being ready the Marshal waved his handkerchief as the signal, and the firing party discharged the volley. Johnson did not move, remaining in a sitting posture for several seconds after the rifles were discharged. Then he quivered a little, and fell over beside his coffin. He was still alive, however, and the four reserves were called to complete the work. It was found that two of the firing party, Germans, had not discharged their pieces, and they were immediately put in irons. Johnson was shot several times in the heart by the first volley. Each of the four shots fired by the reserves took effect in his head, and he died instantly. One penetrated his chin, another his left cheek, while two entered the brain just above the left eyebrow. He died at precisely a quarter to four o'clock.

The troops then all marched round, and each man looked on the bloody corpse of his late comrade, who had proved a traitor to his country.

FORT PULASKI.

WE publish on page 829 a view of FORT PULASKI, in the Savannah River, commanding the approach to Savannah. Our picture is from a sketch by an artist with our fleet. The following account of the Fort, from the *Herald* correspondent, will be read with interest:

En passant of Fort Pulaski. I am informed by one who has lately visited that fort that it has undergone but few changes. The magazine has been protected by a large sand-bag traverse, built, however, in such a manner as to allow of a possible explosion, for often a shell will cross and roll for some distance before exploding. Now such a shell might, and in all probability would, in the event of an attack, roll into this space; exploding here, the chances would be ten to one that the magazine exploded. The large guns of the armament are all mounted *en barbette.* These consist of some twelve Columbiads, most of which are of eight-inch calibre, and are all named after prominent rebels. The gun-carriages are all of pine, which, in event of a bombardment, might splinter rather more than would the solid oak of which we of the North make the firm carriage of the heavy guns. The casemate guns are not in calibre more than thirty-twos, and these mostly mounted upon cast-iron carriages—which carriage is, I am told, a most unserviceable one; for a shot or fragment of a shell that would, at the most, wound the wooden carriage, breaks in pieces and renders utterly useless the iron. The officers' quarters are in the western portion of the work, or that of the land approach, and are pierced for musketry. There are at the present time at the fort some eight hundred or a thousand men, with quite a large quantity of stores.

THE FIGHT AT FORT PICKENS.

WE devote page 820 and part of page 821 to illustrations of the recent FIGHT AT FORT PICKENS. Our artist writes us as follows:—

CAMP BROWN, *Nov.* 24, 1861.

The bombardment was commenced on our side November 22, 9½ A.M., having about half an hour's start of the rebels. Since then the firing continued. The first day a heavy rain put a stop to the firing. The first day we had one man killed and one wounded. The killed man was a member of the Zouave Regiment. Good shots were fired on both sides, but little harm was done to Fort Pickens, while Fort M'Rae suffered very much. The United States frigate *Niagara* and the *Richmond* took part in the bombardment with good result. The second day Fort Pickens commenced firing again at half past 10 o'clock A.M., and was answered promptly by the rebels. I think about 2500 guns have been fired in two days. At 3 o'clock P.M. on the 23d November Warrington was set on fire by our guns, and the fire destroyed already nearly all of that place and the greater part of the Navy-yard. It must not be forgotten that the steamer *Time* was disabled the first shot fired. She was towed out of the Navy-yard at night. The rebels did not fire so much the second day. Perhaps they are short of ammunition. I hope you will publish all the sketches relating to the bombardment. There is no one on the island at present sketching for any papers but myself, and they are therefore alone original sketches. Two companies of Wilson's Zouaves have the charge of batteries near the fort; two more companies of the same regiment assist in the fort, carrying shells, powder, etc., doing guard-duty in the fort; and the rest lie in the trenches to repel a night attack. The heaviest guns of the rebels are near the light-house, and their best mortars on both sides of the hospital. The Water Battery, below Fort M'Rae, is proving itself a bad customer, and is to be feared more than Fort M'Rae. Our ranges are now splendid, and it gives one great satisfaction to witness this great trial of our artillery.

CAMP BROWN, *Nov.* 24, 1861.

It being to-day Sunday, Colonel Brown gave orders not to commence firing unless the rebels commence the fire on us. I went to-day all over the fort; saw the damage done, which is not very considerable, considering the heavy firing. I send you a sketch of one of the rows of guns on top of Fort Pickens. I selected that particular sketch to show one of the disabled guns. It burst, through the excessive firing, the second day of the bombardment. Through a telescope on Fort Pickens I saw that the rebel side suffered very much. I suppose we commence again to-morrow. I also send you the North Gate to Fort Pickens, facing Fort Barancas. No serious damage is done there, though the exterior is much defaced. No breach is any where in the fort.

The correspondent of the *Times* writes:

FORT PICKENS, *Monday, November* 25, 1861.

The long agony is, I hope, over, and well over. We have had as much success as I could reasonably hope for, and with much less loss and damage than I could have expected. We were under a continuous and heavy fire from the forts and batteries of the enemy, fourteen or fifteen in number, for two days, with a loss of only one private killed, and one sergeant, one corporal, and four privates wounded, and, which is singular, but one man was hurt on the ramparts, the most exposed place.

You can have some idea of the amount of fire we gave and received when I tell you that we consumed fifty thousand pounds of powder, and that three guns were fired every minute for two days. The avalanche of shot and shell was terrible, but our soldiers did their duty, as Union soldiers fighting for their country should, and most ably did officers and men perform their whole duty.

The navy, unfortunately, could not give us the assistance we expected, in consequence of drawing too much water, and we therefore failed in the great object of our hopes, the capture of Fort M'Rae.

About two-thirds of Warrington is burned, and although we can not see it, I think as much of Woolsey, a village north of the Navy-yard; and a good many buildings in the yard are burned, and the remainder must be shattered by the heavy shot and shell so unceasingly poured upon them.

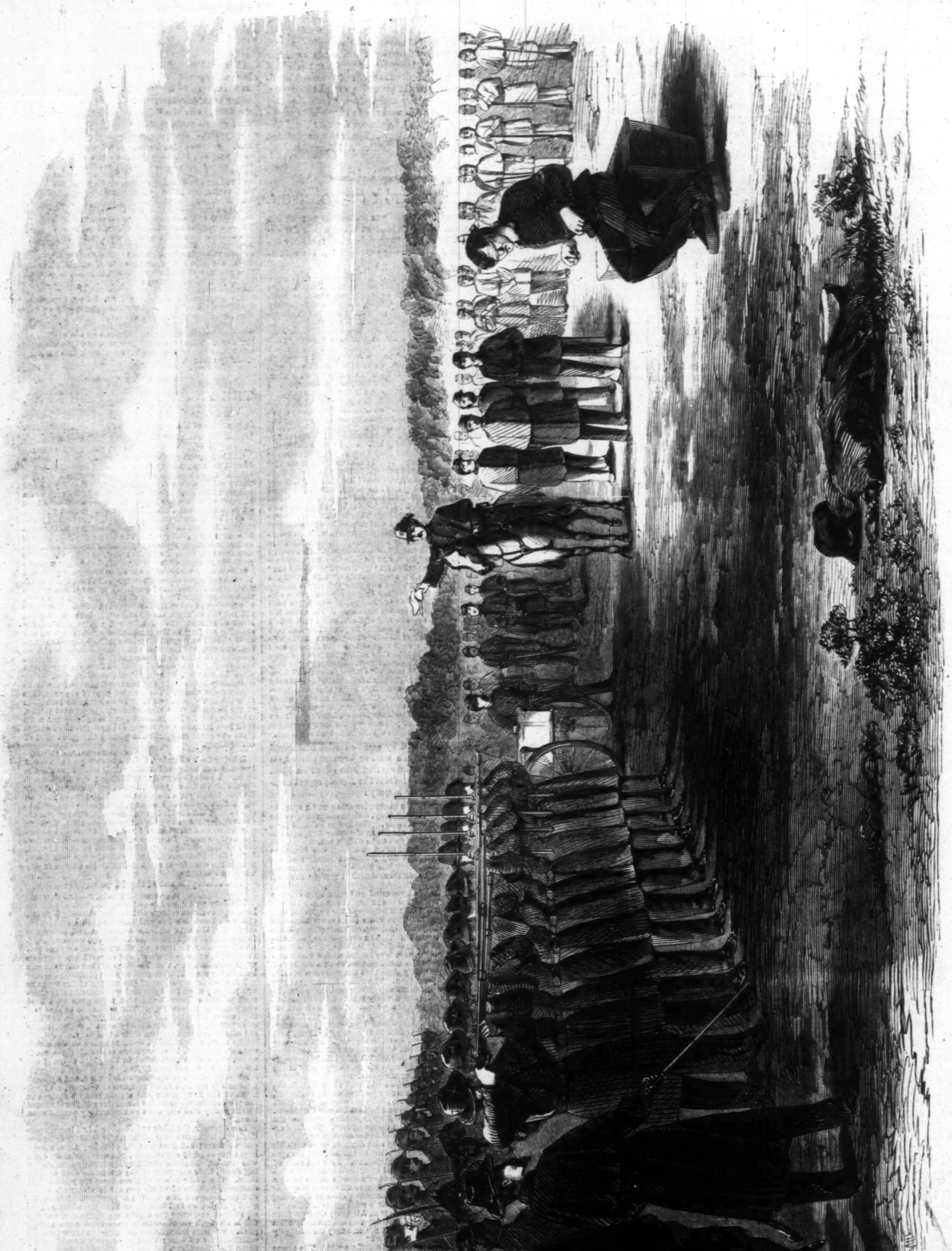
Two steamers, the *Time* and *Bradford*, had become particularly obnoxious to our soldiers, who ardently desired to destroy them; but Bragg, afraid of losing them, always kept them at night at Pensacola, and only sent them down when loaded. At nine o'clock they accordingly came steaming down, little dreaming of the salutation that awaited them. The *Time* is one of those three-story Mississippi steamers, pictures of which you see in children's books, and the *Bradford* is a small low gun-boat. We waited quietly until they had both fastened to the wharf and let off their steam, when the word was given to fire, and fire did belch forth simultaneously upon them from twenty guns. We were immediately enveloped in smoke, and so continued for an hour; when at length we could see we found the *Time* there, but the *Bradford* had gone.

The former continued exposed to our fire all day, and was probably ruined, but her hull being only a scow, we could not sink her, and at night she was towed off.

We think we have done a most important service to the country. In the first place, we have fully avenged the gross insult offered to our flag by the rebels attacking Billy Wilson's camp, and then trying to attack our batteries; and no one with truth can say that a spot or blemish has been received by the glorious old Star-Spangled Banner while in our keeping, that has not been fully wiped out.

In the second place, by attacking Bragg at this time, we think we have made an important diversion in favor of General Sherman at Beaufort, not only by preventing Bragg from sending more troops there (he has sent some), but by compelling him to bring others here; he was also daily strengthening his batteries. We have very effectually weakened him for some time to come, and have compelled him to expend a vast amount of ammunition, which he can ill afford to lose.

We have, therefore, with eight hundred men, with one fort nearly surrounded by forts and batteries (two forts, and at least fifteen batteries), successfully attacked him with his eight or nine thousand troops.



THE EXECUTION OF THE DESERTER WILLIAM JOHNSON IN GENERAL FRANKLIN'S DIVISION, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[See Page 827.]

FORT PULASKI, SAVANNAH RIVER, GEORGIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE NAVY.—[SEE PAGE 827.]

OLD TYBEE.

I HOPE I may never write another story if there is not as much essential truth in this about Old Tybee as the sternest fact-monger has a right to require. You have heard his name before, no doubt. It has lately been carried about like a torch, and flared across a good many troubled faces, while a very respectable number of people have smiled at the token with the sort of satisfaction that beams from loyal hearts on all adequate occasions.

My Tybee was the keeper of a light-house. He had kept it for forty years, and might reckon his trips up the winding stair by the thousand. I knew about him years ago, when I was young and poor. If I coveted his situation in those days, I at least did not petition for it. I doubt if any body ever thought of his removal from his post as if the thing were possible. We considered that his presence was needful, as well as the light he managed, for the safe-conduct of vessels down that dangerous shore; as if somehow he were the medium through which the saving ray must pass, the wonderful light that was visible a dozen miles at sea. Well, if you had met once the glance of his eyes you would understand me better.

One day while he stood in the tower, where his daughter had left him, well satisfied with the result of her labor in polishing the shield of the lantern and its manifold reflectors, Tybee saw a boat approaching the island, and it carried half a dozen men for passengers. While he stood watching them, vaguely wondering what their errand might be, with now and then a fresh glance of satisfaction at the result of his daughter's work, he perceived that the strangers wore uniform, and that they were approaching by the steep path toward that rock on which the tower was built. His first impulse was to go down and meet them, since of course they were seeking him.

But Old Tybee was not agile now as once. His rheumatism made him think twice in these days concerning movements to which once his impulses had immediately urged him. So he stood on the highest step of the great stair, and listened, and waited.

On they came, tramp, tramp, six resolute, full-grown men, to confront a poor old keeper. When he had once looked upon them from this nearness, a consternation seized upon the old man, as if these young fellows were more terrible than the great ocean to which he had given himself since his youth for dear and familiar companionship. But the sea had never proved his enemy, and these had not the look of friends. At least he was sure that they had come on no kindly errand. His presentiment was soon justified; for, in spite of themselves, the strangers could not deport themselves with real friendliness toward the keeper of the light-house. That he had kept on steadily performing the duties of his place night after night for years, was it this that had made him obnoxious to the fiercely-bearded striplings? It would actually seem so, thought poor Old Tybee.

The youngest of the company, evidently an officer, was the first to speak.

"So this is your famous light, is it? Shall I put a ball through its head, Colonel?"

"If you did you'd deserve to have daylight put through yours," answered the oldest one of the company, who was yet far from old, though his hair was gray.

"I shall never learn your economics," replied the younger, no little vanity in the satisfaction with which he announced his incapacity.

"You'll have to learn prudence though, and all the rest of us before we're through with this business," observed the other. "How far out do they say the light is seen?"

"Twelve mile," answered Old Tybee; but the pride with which he was accustomed to give this bit of information had now no evidence. The heart of him was full of consternation, and he stood looking from one man to the other, wondering if their talk must be taken for such expression as he feared. The doubt was quickly silenced.

"Well, boys," said the grave Colonel, "you've done a hard day's work already, but this job will pay for doing. It's pretty firmly set and meant to last, the lantern is, but if you're careful you can dislodge it and be home again before dark."

The four men who had accompanied the officers now stood forward, and one of them untying a sack Tybee had not noticed before, took from it divers tools by which the lamp was to be removed from its setting.

Old Tybee's time for expostulation had evidently come. Trembling with indignation and amazement he exclaimed,

"What's this! what are you going to do? It's my business to tend to this here light-house. Guvment gave me the situation for life, you ought to know."

At that they all laughed, and the younger officer's face expressed ineffable contempt at the mention of the Government. But the older man seemed by a look to restrain this ardent iconoclast, and he answered poor Tybee gravely and kindly,

"We're only going to save our old friend the trouble of climbing up this long stair next winter. Such a break-neck place I never was in before, and I am ashamed that a man of your years should have been imposed upon so long. How long *have* you kept the light burning, Tybee?"

"I've kept it forty year."

"Then you've had your share of spoils, *you* needn't complain," said one of the men gruffly.

"And never removed all that time, eh?" asked the Colonel.

"No, nor ever heard such a thing once talked of," Tybee answered. "What's going to be done without the light out there on the road the ships travel?"

"That's their own look-out. Government finds it costs too much to furnish travelers their lights. They'll be expecting refreshments next, you know. We've got to learn prudence, the Colonel says, and he understands these things."

Old Tybee looked at the young man as if he would have admired to see the daylight put through him according to his officer's suggestion, but he held his peace.

"You had better go down," said the Colonel to the old man. Though now a man of war, battle was evidently not his proper element; and he was constantly apprehensive of the state of things that might in a moment be brought about up there in the tower by the hot head of his lieutenant. "The men will be getting up a great dust here," he continued, with a gentle expostulation in his voice as if he had been speaking to a woman. "I'll stay and see that no harm comes to the light. And when it's set up again, nobody shall take your place here—you shall keep it burning as long as you live. I give you my word."

Still Tybee lingered. The *question* remained; the young man's flippant answer he would not take for a reply.

"What's to become of all the vessels, Sir?" he asked again. And what true man in his senses would think of avoiding a reply to a question proposed so solemnly, with such deep concern, such disdainful disregard of whatever personal danger might attend his obstinacy.

"What did they do before there was a light?" asked the Colonel, annoyed and troubled. "They'll carry their own, I hope. Fill their lamps, as wise sailors should, and use them, and not rush along like blind fools trusting to other folks to keep them from the ditch." There was as much asperity in the words as the Colonel's voice could possibly convey. Then Old Tybee made his last stand.

"I don't know about it," said he, shaking his gray head. "I don't know who sent you here. You seem to have some sort of right. You look like officers. But so'm I, if I haven't got on regimentals. I can show you my commission."

The young lieutenant with a loud laugh touched his cap with mock deference, and said:

"I suppose now you wouldn't really *insist* on serving the State after you had an honorable discharge. You see in a few minutes—go ahead, boys!—there won't be any light-house here to speak of; what can you keep then? Do you want the Governor to come down here and explain all his plans? It's enough to know that the State has decided that this institution is a nuisance, and must therefore be abated and abolished. "Isn't it? Come! you're a sensible old fellow!"

But again spoke the older man, and even more kindly than before. He understood the desperate distress that would presently overwhelm poor Old Tybee.

"When the light is needed again it will be set in the tower again, and I'll see, as I said before, that so faithful a servant of the State is restored to his place again. For your own part you should be glad to take a rest, for it won't be a long one."

And now indeed, perceiving that his resistance was in vain, the old man walked slowly down the stairs. When he had reached the door of the tower he stood looking out upon the sea—far out, and far down upon the highway of the ships, and he seemed to see a wreck on every wave, and the beach was strewn with the bodies of the lost.

Now and then he looked aloft, as if to ascertain how the diabolical work going on within the strong stone walls progressed. Many times he looked, and saw, as he well knew he should see, nothing. But at last there was a spectacle indeed! From the flag-staff which on all holidays, and on many another when his patriotism needed to demonstrate itself to the old fellows who perhaps were sailing down from Marblehead or Narraganset (names dearest of all that were written on *his* map of North America, for Tybee was a man from Marblehead)—from that very flag-staff another flag was flying, and it bore not the stars and stripes. Now, Old Tybee, sit down on the rock and weep, for it is time to weep.

Shuddering, he turned away from the spectacle, and knew not where to go. Wherever he went it would haunt him—compel his eyes, and grieve his heart. Not home yet, nor any where to answer questions of man, woman, or child. He tried to lose himself among the shore-rocks till the men had come down from the tower, entered their boat, and rowed away, and even till night came on.

Who could have looked with indifference on the sorrow of that old man?

I doubt if any bore on that sad summer day a sadder heart than he.

When he went home at last it was to take his accustomed place in the corner of the fire-place, where his daughter was busying herself preparing for their supper. It was not a cold evening, but he warmed himself as if a chill were on him, and Maggie was so disturbed by his aspect when he came in that she walked up to the corner cupboard instantly, and brought him a drink of stuff that had a strong odor, and usually an exhilarating effect. At first he seemed disposed to refuse it, but she urged it upon him in her irresistible way, so that he presently drained the glass; still he gave it back to her without a word or even a look of acknowledgment.

Presently in came little Tom frisking about, and persisting in nimble demonstrations long after any one but a child would have felt his joints awkwardly stiffening under such a chilling influence as the old man dispelled.

The first question the little fellow asked was the one most natural for him. He had asked it every night since his grandfather took him out in the boat that he might see the beacon light the sailors watched for coming down the ocean, and saw, though their sailing was so far beyond the reach of Tom's imagination.

"Does it shine bright, grand'ther?"

Heretofore the old man's cheerful and unvarying answer had been, however preoccupied his mind,

"Bright as ever—bright and warm, my boy!" He now made no response whatever, but sat looking into the fire as if he did not even see the preparations going on there for his comfortable evening meal, and did not behold his daughter, who at this very hour, for so many years, had been engaged in the same occupation, getting tea for her father.

Was he thinking far back into the time when she was like Tom there, running up and down under every body's feet, but in nobody's way?—when her mother stood in her place, and Thomas Gwyn was as far beyond their knowledge as the undiscovered happiness is this day beyond ours? He had lived here forty years. Ere long he would be seventy. He was thinking of a dream he had one night, in the first year of his life on the island, when his daughter looked up, and said, in behalf of little Tom—with a tender thought, too, toward the elder lad,

"Does it, father? Does it shine bright to-night?" speaking as women do when they speak merely for love; looking surprised, too, so different was his present mood from that in which she left him not long ago, when she had finished the polishing business in the tower—for Old Tybee was not variable, but calm and steady in his moods.

Brief was his answer, and gloomy as brief.

"It isn't Old Tybee's fault if they're all wrecked. They've broke her moorings and took her off. I saw 'em. What could I do? They was too many for me—six to one—with the Guvment to back 'em. That sounds like a cursed lie. They're going to make wreckers of *us*, I expect. It comes to that since the Guvment's going in for wrecking vessels on this coast. We'll get a nice plundering kind o' popylation on this island afore long."

"The lamp ain't down!" exclaimed Maggie, aghast. "They haven't took the light off? Lord a mercy! what for, father?"

"You can't guess," he answered. "No wonder. Don't you try. Don't try, if any body asks you. *I* surrendered. Six to one..... What have you got there for supper, Mag?"

But though he asked this question, it was not after his usual way of asking. He didn't care for the answer Maggie gave. That was evident from the way he dropped his head between his hands, and paid no heed, though his daughter ceased from her operations and walked out of the house to the gate of the little inclosure they loved to call a garden, Tom following her. She came back immediately, and said, with a groan, "There ain't any light, to be sure! What'll become of Thomas Gwyn? I never saw it dark afore like that on the island!"

"What'll become of all the shipping that's got along so safe and snug past all the slippery places, thanks to me and the Guvment! It's a devilish hit; and I'll say that if I swing for it! But I'm an old man: I'm near seventy. My bones ain't worth much to them rascals."

"The light gone!" exclaimed Maggie again. You might as well have told her some scientific fact whose consequences could not touch our planet. She would have comprehended it as well as the strange idea she was battling against, that no longer from the rock whereon the round tower stood would the light shine forth to guide the mariners who sailed along that dangerous coast.

"Forty years ago I dreamed it was put out," said Old Tybee; and he turned and looked at his daughter.

Instant was her answer, and with it the first gleam of hope lightened the face of Maggie:

"But mother dreamed that it was lit again. You told me that. And you had the doing of it in her dream. If one thing comes to pass the other may as well. And it's got to!"

Cheered by her own prediction, Maggie turned away from her father, and renewed her cooking operations, causing thereby a savory smell to arise and possess itself of the old dark room, and presently she placed, with the peculiar satisfaction that so often renewed itself in her small experience, an Indian cake and fried fish on the table, and called Tom to bring grand'ther's chair, and they sat around the board as though nothing had happened. Any body looking in upon them might have said so. But observe how little Tom's blue eyes (splendid eyes his mother calls them, and they are very pretty) turn sideways toward the old man, while unconsciously he twitches his chair closer to his mother's, looking now and then from his seat through the uncurtained window that once revealed to him by night the dancing of the waves when they bore up their red and golden lights, as if they would illuminate the tower, and the island, and the sky! His glances that way are all stolen, and his fear of reprimand from within the house, and of some unnatural vision from without, serve to entirely unman the three-year old, and he is constrained to descend from the table to his place at his mother's feet, who understands that she must pin a newspaper before that window and keep out the dark hereafter.

After tea the pipe, but no story-telling. By-and-by Tom is in bed; he sobbed once ere he dropped into sleep, but his mother's "Hush! hush!" prevented a repetition of that signal of distress. And now let her sit by her father's side, let her come closer to him, lay her hand for sober talk upon his knee.

"Father, tell me all about it!"

But has he not already told? He looks at her in a sort of wonder, mixed with alarm, as if he heard in her low voice an expression of resisting will, defiant purpose. Then he says,

"Six to one! No, no! We must wait, Mag—we must wait."

"And what will become of *them!*" she whispers, and draws nearer, shuddering. She sees what he has seen already, the same cruel vision. But the old man says aloud—tries to say cheerily—for Tybee was a sailor years ago, and has a Northman's dauntless courage in his veins:

"Tom is a sailor, you girl. Can't he swim? And when he comes back there are more fish swimming than ever have been caught. There's a living for us yet."

"And it's all true! We're at war! We've got to kill each other, and burn each other's houses down, and—"

"And turn traitors to the good old Guvment, for the men of Marblehead are in arms against Old Tybee! You know they give me the office, and they've been good to us, paid me reg'lar—"

"And never caught you and sold you for an African! Father, what are you talking about!" cried Maggie, in a wrath that was wonderful to behold.

"Mag, Mag! I've seen a sight that's killed me this day!"

"I don't know, father, but I'd a rather it *had* killed you than have to believe—" Here Maggie's voice gave way, and her tears rolled, flood-like, over her. Her father did not speak, but his act had great significance—he took her hand and held it, and she knew there was no difference between them. The act soothed her far more than any word of his could have done. *They* were not divided. At last she said,

"It ain't against *us* the men of Marblehead are up in arms. Not 'gainst the folks that'll never sleep another night in peace as long as they live here on this island and that light is out. Won't we keep it burning when it's lit again?"

Tybee's old arms embraced his Margaret, but he was silent yet, as she went on:

"They'll come!" she said; "they'll come who've got the right, and you'll follow 'em up those stairs to see that the light's set right again. Don't be troubled, father! You've got to live till that's settled. Who'd dare to go out of the world afore? I'd rather never see my Tom again than think it wouldn't happen. Remember mother's dream!"

"She was allus good at that," said the old man, and he straightened himself in his chair, and looked so hopeful, that even Maggie was surprised to see the result of her prophecy. (I wonder how many prophets have lifted up their voices by the fire-sides of this land since April? I wonder if the men who lecture before Lyceums through the spring of '62 would like to repeat some themes of their discourse in the years of grace yet green in all women's memories?)

And the result encouraged her—emboldened her to advance yet further. "Do you suppose this country is given up to thieves and pirates? Before New Year you'll see that light again! And we'll hang out the old flag, so that they shall all see what we're thinking about here on this island! But we can hold our tongues. You think I can't. I can— Never mind!"

Never mind! *What* was she thinking of? There were vessels out at that very moment drifting fast within the line of danger, doomed to destruction; some without suspicion, others on the out-look, captain and crew, staring through the darkness for that extinguished light. Maybe Tom was singing the last stave he ever would! Yet, never mind. He was but one—but one—though all the world to her.

When she spoke of the old flag two tears rolled down the wrinkled cheeks of Old Tybee. He could not tell her about the flag that was flying from the light-house. He had left out the very bitterness of the potion when he gave the cup to her. He had tried to tell her—tried when he heard her singing, as if it were a hymn, the chorus of "The Star-Spangled Banner"—but he could not do it. She must with her own eyes in the morning discover that Unutterable.

Maggie did not sleep that night. Her face showed pale at dawn as the face of a watcher who has watched in fear. How many times had she risen from her bed—gone to the window—listened! Was that a gun? Was that a cry? And if in dreams she had dreamed of wrecks, no more could have been dashed ashore than she seemed to see with her waking eyes. Remote from all true knowledge of the world's affairs, and now for the first time conscious of remoteness, their light was put out in the breeze of war—they were all in the dark—but then the spirit of heroes quickened within them!

And now for watching and waiting. And how long must they wait?

Is it to-morrow we shall enter Paradise? At least let us not doubt it shall be on some to-morrow—some to-day.

Maggie had a task to perform that did not enliven the waiting. And her old father was the burden she must bear in its performance. She had hope to keep alive through all monitions of disaster; the watcher's daily work; the vigilance of one who holds himself still responsible while the power that conferred the responsibility is disabled and the commission is withdrawn. For the ships wrecked, and the lives, along that coast, the continual stress of that responsibility to feel! And this during days when Old Tybee, having lost his occupation, gave himself over to the miseries of disappointed old age; and no tidings came of Tom; and the dismal fear was daily gaining ground that her boy would forget his father.

Yet the earnest expectation of the creature never failed. Are the heroes all in camp? Are the soldiers' names all registered? She would not let her expectation fail. She domineered like a tyrant over her oft-fainting heart, and kept her prophet's mantle closely wrapped about her, in spite of every gale. She came from Marblehead! How often she said it, though in fact Maggie had never voyaged ten miles away from the island where she was born! How often she said it, with an inward averment that never again would she lose sight of the light-house till the alien and infamous rag that fluttered from its window should give place to the splendor of the nation's flag!

So the house-fire burned on brightly; the house-keeping was kept up; all the old doings were repeated with cheerful regularity. And, day after day, Maggie said to her father, pointing to the tower, "It shall come down, and we shall live to see it;" and he knew she meant the hateful thing that flashed its falsehoods from the shore to the sea day after day. Sometimes he smiled, but it was a doubter's smile, for day and night one fear harassed Old Tybee; and *he* said the old man's words to the young men, "You may live to see the end of it, but I never shall. The glory has departed!" O thou of little faith!

Day and night then, with one thought, one care, while the summer passed away, and December came within experience, and the New Year was at hand.

On Christmas Eve there hung a little stocking outside Maggie's door, and it was full. The Saint must have stopped in his travels at that house—must have known what loyal, patient hearts had there the training of the little one—must have seen that Tom the younger was in these days on his good behavior.

Maggie Gwyn sat late by her fire in a prayerful meditation. Her thoughts were wandering slightly out of their wonted channels—for a moment she had dropped her anxious hope and fear; husband and country gave place to another love and name. She had turned from them, as at the most gentle call of One who turned from the Heavenly ways to ours, on such a night as this, long centuries ago. She seemed to see Him lying in the beatitude of infancy on his mother's knee, as Tom had lain on hers, and with reverent wonder she was following Him she knew so well how Mary must have followed through the years succeeding. And if her boy *was* fatherless, she had now grace to pray that a double gift of wisdom might be given her in his behalf, that at last in fullness of time a Man might stand in his father's place, a true and loyal Man, who verily should see, if the sight were withholden from *her* eyes, the flag of his country flying from the old round tower. All for him she prayed, until a vision was vouchsafed her of the manhood, brave and true, that should grow from even such an infancy as his. And why should I discover altogether the young mother's dream? all the hope, whose glory was undimmed even by the dark shadows that encircled its place of rising? How many thousand women, by silent firesides, sit dreaming the same dream of youth that must grow up fatherless, whom this year's work has bereaved! Hope of the world! Sustainer of the fainting hearts! teach them to perfectly trust, that they may peacefully rest in Thee, and do Thy will!

While she sat there in her prayerful meditation—let me defraud you of none of the beautiful truths this hour is developing—there came, gentle as the tap, tap of the woodpecker, a touch on the window-pane. It seemed not to startle Maggie, but she looked up. Then she stood up, but stood silent. Then she moved, and not away from, but toward, the window. For she said, "There's news of Tom!" Then she *opened* the window, so strong was her conviction. *Then* her heart stopped beating—seemed to stop. How dark it was without! But never need Maggie feel less the power of that darkness, and of the vast expanse of silence widening around her.

Neither you nor I will ever rightly know how it all came about, but presently there was a grand tableaux in the bedchamber of Tom's wife.

In the centre of the group stood a stalwart soldier in uniform, but not the uniform so hateful and so familiar of late to the old eyes of Tybee. Another sort of coat and head-gear than either he or Maggie had ever in their lives beheld represented to them a military power they were compelled to regard as friendly; for Tom was clothed therewith. Was it a time for misgiving—doubt? They knew the eyes that looked from beneath the turban, and the hands that were grasping theirs had that in their touch that thrilled them as no other grasp could do—assured them, and lifted them up above their desolations to the very heights of Beulah.

At either side of this man stood Old Tybee and Margaret. Also, upright in bed, stood little Tom, staring hard at St. Nicholas, according to the best of his belief; and no one, for at least one instant after his uprising, saw the child. But then, when Tom the elder *was* aware!

At last came a moment when somebody must ask,

"Tom, where have you come from?"

Looking at the questioner, Tom answered her:

"It would take a week of steady talk to get through that report. And you and I've got other work on hand. We've got to convert the inhabitants of this island. They say the Gentiles have hoisted a beautiful kind of flag from that old tower, father. How's that?"

There was such a stern voice speaking through these playful words as brought out from Old Tybee an instant reply that had the quality and effect of a shout.

"God in heaven be praised!"

"What for, Tybee? what for? I should think not for such a work as that!"

"You've come to cut that cursed rag from its moorings."

"Why, no—"

Consider the appalling answer. Descend into the dreadful silence and darkness through which Maggie broke with words like these:

"Then go your ways. Let us alone!"

Tom answered her by catching up his boy, whom Maggie, for some unaccountable reason, had been busy dressing in his Christmas suit, his holiday rig.

"Follow me," he said; "'and if any man attempts to tear down the Stars and Stripes shoot him on the spot!' That's my platform. Now, father, will you come? You'll find our crew down there waiting for you. I promised 'em I'd show 'em the Governor of this island; and he's the only man who's got the right to set that nonsense you talk about adrift. Come on, and get the flag to flying, and make ready to strike a light. Hurrah for the campaign! Hurrah for 1862!"

A dozen miles at sea the mariner shall hail it. And often as he hails the light let him smile a benediction shoreward for the sake of Old Tybee, who, after all, *has* lived to see the end of the desolation he had the heart to weep for.

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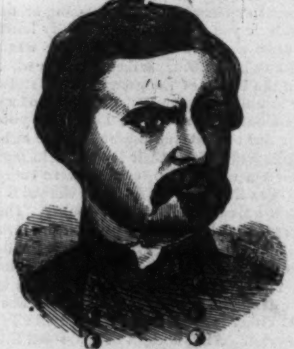

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